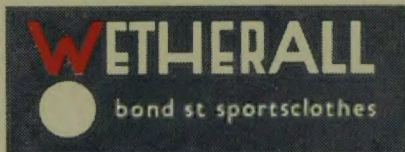


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



TRADE MARK
"FOURway"
BREATHLESSLY SMART
CLEVERCHANGE
BELTED/UNBELTED
topcoats"

WETHERALL HOUSE, BOND STREET, W.1

HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED "racin plaid"

DOUBLE SIDED "doeskin + cashmere" ^{about} 30s

THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL



SHERRY
GONZALEZ
TIO PEPE

(Regd. Trade Mark)

PRODUCE OF SPAIN



The best of spirits

John Jameson ★★★ **Whiskey**

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

A pollinaris is the natural
mixer with Scotch...
ask for a Scotch and POLLY

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICAN CIGARS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
TOILET SOAP MAKERS

Bronnley

QUALITY SOAPS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE QUEEN MOTHER
TOILET SOAP MAKERS



EL CÍD
Light Amontillado
SHERRY



Fortnum & Mason

for the fundamentals

and the frills

the finest
SHRIMPS
are



Young's

**POTTED
SHRIMPS**

9, LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE **LTD.**
CORPORATION

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



How to give 'the very thing'

*—when you don't know
what he wants*

TRUST A YOUNGSTER to have the right idea about money... to see it only in terms of what it will buy. That's why it is so completely right to give Midland Bank Gift Cheques. They're gay and cheerful and unmistakably Christmas-sy; yet they can so easily be translated into 'the very thing' his heart desires because any branch will cash on sight Gift Cheques up to the value of £10. For that reason alone, Midland Bank Gift Cheques are surely 'the very thing' for *you* to give this Christmas. Anyone—repeat, *anyone*—can buy them at any branch of the Midland Bank and for any amount. They only cost 1/- plus the amount you want to give. If you'd like to know more about this unique Midland Bank service, ask or write for the colourful descriptive leaflet.

Anyone can give—and cash—

MIDLAND BANK GIFT CHEQUES

Also available: Gift Cheques for Weddings, Birthdays and general gift purposes.

GARRARD GIFTS

Gifts formal and informal. So wide and varied is the selection at GARRARDS that the problem of choosing a suitable gift is not so much *what* to choose but *which*.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS &
CROWN JEWELLERS



A. 6 Pastry Forks in case. Louis XVI pattern:

Sterling silver. £14.0.0

Regent Plate. £4.0.0

B. Sterling silver 3 piece condiment set of contemporary design with spoon. £12.15.0

C. Salad Bowl, diameter 9", cut glass with Regent Plate mount and servers. £11.5.0

D. Sterling silver oval dish or tray of contemporary design:

Length 4" £3.10.0

" 6" £9.0.0

E. Sterlingsilver waiter, diameter 8". £19.10.0

Regent Plate waiter, diameter 8". £7.10.0

F. Sterling silver cigarette box, engine-turned, lined cedar:

Length 4 3/8". £14.7.6

" 5 1/4". £17.17.6

" 6 5/8". £21.5.0

G. Cut glass jug with Regent Plate mount. £5.5.0

H. Regent Plate table centrepiece with removable flower bowl in centre. The candle holders will take two sizes of candles. £26.10.0

I. Regent Plate Entree dish with cover, length 12 1/2". £22.0.0

*Illustrated catalogue
of gifts sent
upon request.*



GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

formerly THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1 · TELEPHONE REGENT 3021

I'll tell you something else about Shell...

Forget petrol for a moment and think of plastics . . . there's an industry that's really gone places in the past few years. Many plastics products start life as something-from-petroleum in one of Shell's chemical plants — Shell Chemicals supply base ingredients in bulk. They're already making plastic materials in useful quantities. Now they are starting production of this new high-density polyethylene we've been hearing about — and that'll stir up some new ideas in domestic and industrial equipment! The plastics industry is forging ahead and it's people like Shell, with their vast knowledge of organic chemistry, who will be producing the "goods to make the goods".



Shell Chemicals are important in plastics



Shell Chemical Company Limited, Marlborough House, 15-17, Gt. Marlborough Street, London, W.1. Tel: GERrard 0666
In association with Petrochemicals Ltd . Oxirane Ltd . Styrene Products Ltd.



Britain leads the World

Why not put the Power Lines Underground?

As part of the programme to provide Britain with power for prosperity, enough nuclear power stations will be built to provide 5 to 6 million kilowatts of power. Work was started in January, 1957, on the construction of the first two nuclear stations for the Central Electricity Authority and on the third in September last.

The search is going on for other nuclear power station sites on the coast and large river estuaries.

To carry power to the industrial areas, to the towns and country, main transmission lines must be built to connect the power stations to supply points feeding the distribution networks. These are the 132,000 volt

Grid and 275,000 volt Supergrid lines. They are as necessary as the power stations.

Why, it is sometimes asked, must these main transmission lines be placed above ground, to the possible detriment of the landscape? Why cannot underground cables be used? It is because of the prohibitive cost. Overhead lines operating at 275,000 volts cost about £25,000 a mile. Underground cables for this voltage would cost between £300,000/£400,000 a mile—twelve to sixteen times as much.

Overhead lines are not, of course, peculiar to Great Britain. They are common in all countries of the world for carrying electricity cheaply from the power stations to the industries and communities that need it.

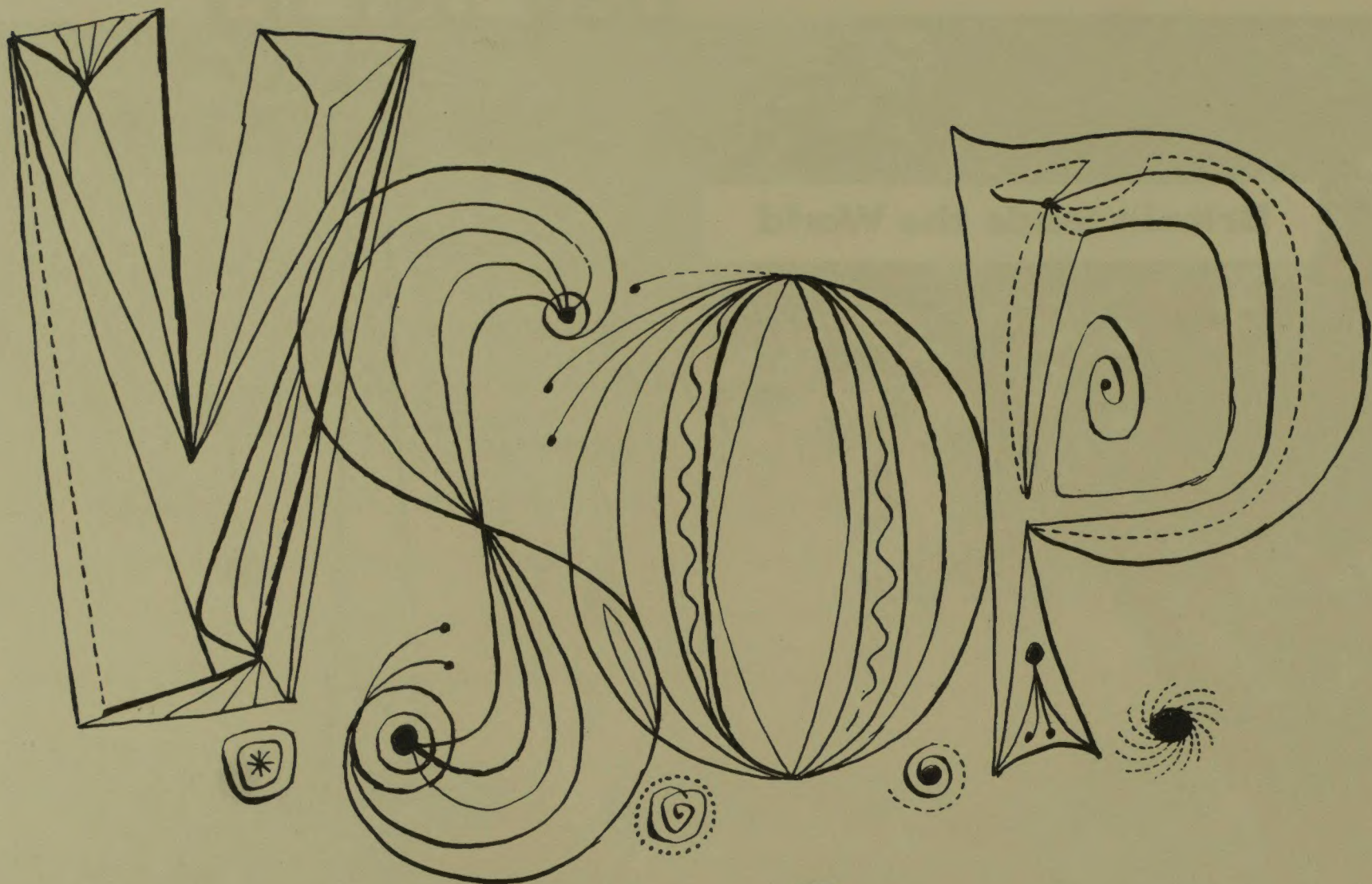
If Britain's prosperity power is to fulfil its purpose, it must be cheap power, and it cannot be cheap without economical transmission and distribution by overhead lines.

This series of advertisements is being published by the Central Electricity Authority so that everyone will understand the nation's electric power programme and why it is necessary to have not only electric power stations, but also pylons to carry the power where it is needed.

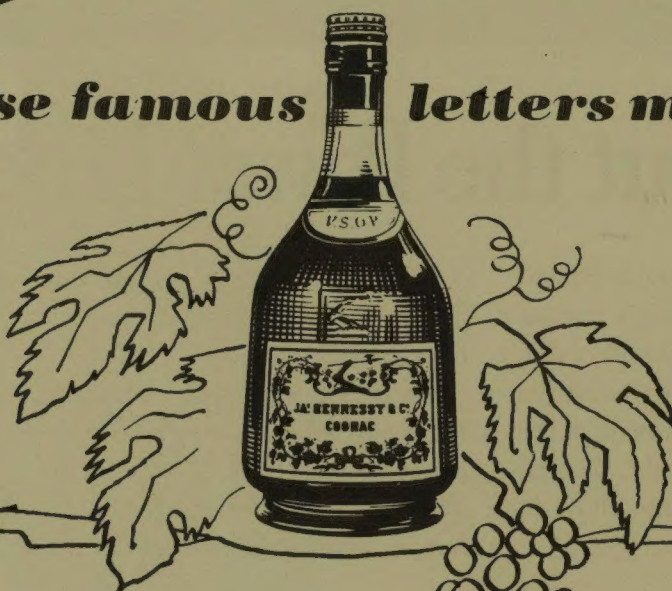


The pylons of Britain are the outward sign of a new hope for Britain's future. They bring cheap power to help the farmer increase production. They bring the farmer's wife the cleanliness and convenience of a modern kitchen like this one.





What do these famous letters mean?



NO ONE seems quite to remember. The Hennessy family in Cognac say that when they first used the symbol many decades ago, letters such as V.S.O.P. and X.O., as well as the famous ★ markings, were chalked on the hogsheads of brandy by the blender as his personal guide to the brandy's maturity. V.S.O.P. probably meant 'Very Special Old Pale'.

Nowadays, however, as an indication of age and quality, the letters V.S.O.P. on liqueur brandies have become as equivocal in the brandy trade as the description 'Final Night Extra' on an evening newspaper.

But one thing is certain. *The label 'V.S.O.P.' means nothing unless coupled with the name of a shipper whose stocks are good*

enough, large enough and old enough to ensure continuity of quality and age.

Note for the Curious. Why 'Very Special Old PALE'? Because once upon a time there was a fashion for BROWN BRANDY, which was heavily coloured by the addition of burnt sugar.

An Invitation to a Memorable Experience

When you are on holiday in France, visit the Hennessy premises in Cognac. There you will learn with your own eyes and palate what V.S.O.P. was originally meant to stand for.

You will see the vast stocks of matured and maturing brandies. You will be able to taste their quality—choosing at random from this hogshead and that: and

you will learn why Hennessy loses none of its brilliance as it ages, but rather gains in character as it mellows in the wood.

You will learn from such a visit why no one in the world can offer you a better choice of genuinely aged Liqueur Cognacs than—

HENNESSY

V.S.O.P. — X.O. — EXTRA

P.S.—Hennessy ★★★ is very often served as a liqueur, and why not? It is drawn from the very same stocks as its elder brothers and matured for many years in wood.

Incidentally, it was Maurice Hennessy who, in the year 1865, chose the star as a symbol, inspired by the device embodied in the window catch in his office. You can see it for yourself when you visit Cognac.

HOW MANY SCHWEPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS?



SCHWEPPERESCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



BOOTH'S the Finest Dry Gin... at home in the best of Company

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

© 1957. THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH LTD. The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1957.



THE TERRIBLE AFTERMATH OF DISASTER IN THICK FOG: RESCUERS AT WORK IN THE SOUTH LONDON TRIPLE TRAIN CATASTROPHE, IN WHICH 88 PERSONS WERE KILLED AND SOME 110 INJURED.

On the night of December 4, in darkness and thick fog, occurred the third worst railway disaster in the United Kingdom. The disaster happened at a time when trains were running late, owing to the fog, and were crowded with Christmas shoppers and rush-hour passengers. Between St. John's and Lewisham Stations, in south-east London, the 4.56 p.m. Cannon Street to Ramsgate steam train ran into the back of the stationary 5.18 Charing Cross to Hayes, Kent, electric train. These trains contained an estimated 2000 passengers. With the impact, the steam train slewed sideways into the pillar

of a fly-over bridge over which the 5.22 p.m. Holborn Viaduct to Dartford train was passing. This last train was derailed, but did not fall, being held up by the sides of the bridge. The bridge, however, fell and completely crushed two coaches of the steam train—and it is this part of the disaster which our photograph shows; and the aspect of the crash which posed the most terrible problems for the rescue workers; and even by the afternoon of December 6 the final death-roll was still not known definitely. Other pictures and fuller accounts of this terrible disaster appear overleaf.

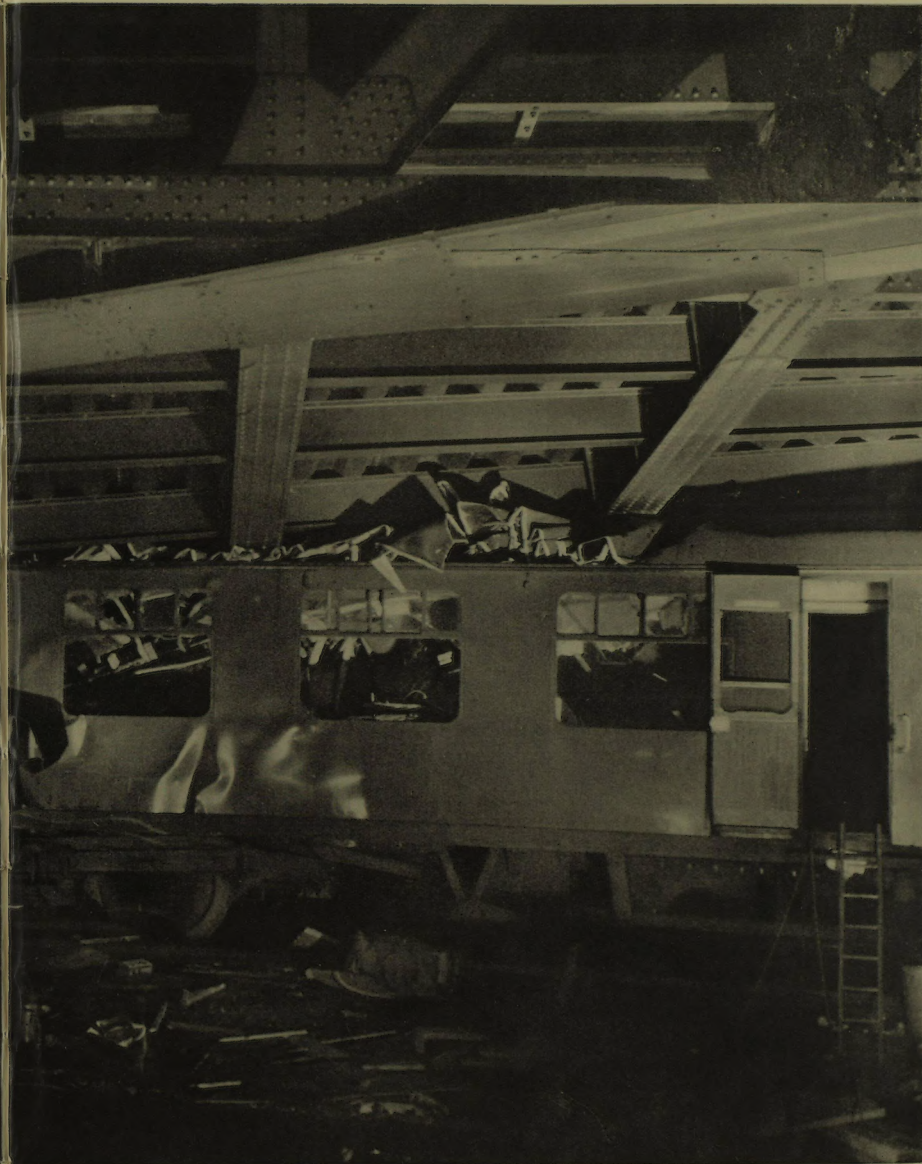
Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



THE THIRD WORST CRASH IN THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH RAILWAYS: UNDER THE

Eighty-eight people were killed and over 100 were seriously injured in the third worst crash in the history of British railways which occurred near Lewisham on the foggy evening of December 4. The scene of the disaster was on what has been described as one of the busiest sections of railway in Europe, some 1000 trains passing through the area daily. There had been no other serious incidents in this vicinity since 1929, but the recent tragedy is the worst ever to happen in the Southern Region or on the former Southern Railway. It was nearly 6.30 p.m. when the 4.56 p.m. steam train from

Cannon Street to Ramsgate, which was running late because of the fog, crashed into the rear of the 5.18 p.m. Charing Cross to Hayes, Kent, electric train which was at the time halted with brakes applied at a signal near St. John's Station under the Nunhead fly-over bridge. The fly-over bridge, weighing hundreds of tons, collapsed on to coaches of the 4.56 from Cannon Street when part of the train crashed into the viaduct supports. The two trains were carrying some 2000 people, many of them returning from work or shopping in central London. A third train, the 5.22 p.m. from Holborn



COLLAPSED BRIDGE, SHOWING THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE IN ONE OF THE COACHES.

Viaduct to Dartford, was stated by the Southern Region authorities to have been derailed on the fly-over, but fortunately did not fall on to the wrecked coaches below. Rescue work continued late into the night in the heavy gloom of the fog and darkness. The dead and the injured were carried to St. John's Station some 200 yards from the scene of the accident, and doctors were urgently summoned to nearby hospitals. As rescue work continued the following day, with the task of clearing away the wreckage and of retrieving the remaining bodies complicated by the danger of a further collapse of the

fly-over, Mr. Watkinson, the Minister of Transport, announced that the Transport Commission would accept full legal liability for compensation in connection with the accident, and that a public enquiry into the accident would be held. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh sent a telegram to the Minister of Transport expressing their sympathy for the bereaved and injured, and a similar message was received from Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard. Among the survivors of the crash were the driver and fireman of the steam train.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LIKE "Topsy" and the British Empire, now called Commonwealth, our Constitution and parliamentary institutions "just grew." All sorts of detailed explanations have been put forward at different times to explain their origins, but modern mediæval historians are agreed that none of them are very satisfactory. They no longer subscribe, like their predecessors, to the comforting thesis of the great Victorian constitutional writers, in whose formulas we were brought up, that men like Simon de Montfort and Edward I were far-sighted, if primitive, Gladstonian Liberals laying the foundation-stones of modern progress. Indeed, in view of the direction that "progress" has since taken, they might not now seem so praiseworthy if they had done so.

The great virtue of the British Constitution, viewed historically, is that it is always being altered and adapted to suit changing circumstances, but subject to the strong English instinct to preserve familiar and, therefore, comfortable outward forms. More than any other people on earth, we seem to have mastered the art of making the best of both worlds, of having our cake and eating it. Nothing could be more up-to-date than the outlook and legislation of our present House of Commons, yet its forms and customs are still those of its Victorian, Georgian and even Stuart and Tudor predecessors. Within its walls the present and the remote past are indistinguishable, and Mrs. Braddock sits poised, metaphorically speaking, on the knees of Mr. Gladstone and the Great Commoner.

The House of Lords has "just grown" like the other institutions of our curious Constitution. It began, if it can be said to have begun, as the Great Council of the principal Officers of State and the chief landholders and prelates of the realm. When the King wished to take counsel of the nation's leaders or when he wished to obtain money from them other than the permanent feudal and traditional dues to which, as king, he was entitled, he called these magnates together in his *Magnum Consilium*. He did not at first always take the Council's advice; more often he governed only with the aid of a little group of picked advisers and officials. But in serious emergencies he usually called on and consulted the Great Council of the magnates. After the prolonged struggles between the latter and the Crown during the thirteenth century the Grand Council acquired what was more or less a right to be consulted at not too distant and irregular intervals; that it should be so was, indeed, one of the provisions, though by no means always observed, of Magna Carta, which was itself one of a number of pacts or charters seeking the same end: that the king, whenever he sought to depart from established custom or "the known law of the land," should take counsel, together with his officers of state, with his tenants-in-chief, temporal and spiritual. In early times these tenants-in-chief held the land of England from the Crown in return for feudal services which formed the administrative cement of the nation. They were the local intermediaries and leaders through whom the king governed and through whom the national machine operated. But in England, more quickly than in any other European country, the strict ladder of feudal gradation was replaced by something less logical but more efficient, bringing the Crown into direct touch with the lower ranks of the feudal hierarchy, in other words, with the general body of the nation. Even William the Conqueror, who had first imposed the full mechanism of Continental feudalism on an only partially feudal Anglo-Saxon England, made many of the lesser landowners do direct homage for their lands to the Crown as well as to their feudal overlords. By the end of the thirteenth century the Crown was

already forming the habit, though still only periodically, of consulting the Knights of the Shire and even the Burgesses of the principal towns, together with the great magnates or lords of the realm. In this way the House of Commons may be said to have sprung out of the House of Lords, for, before long, probably because they felt uncomfortable in the presence of so many proud barons and prelates, the rural knights and their urban counterparts took to meeting on such occasions in a hall or chamber of their own, only joining the Great Council of the king's officers and tenants-in-chief when they were expressly summoned to do so. And in this chamber, despite many vicissitudes, they developed so strong and continuing an identity and tradition that they presently became recognised as a separate House

THE FIRST LOCK OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY COMPLETED.



THE FIRST COMPLETED LOCK OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY PROJECT NOW OFFICIALLY OPENED: S.S. GRENVILLE PASSING THROUGH THE LOCK AT IROQUOIS, ONTARIO, ON NOVEMBER 22.

The large new lock at Iroquois, Ontario, at the western end of the St. Lawrence Seaway was officially put into use for the first time when, on November 22, the Department of Transport vessel S.S. Grenville passed through. The lock at Iroquois is the first of a series on the St. Lawrence Seaway to be completed. The Seaway itself is to be opened in 1959.

or Chamber, called the Commons. The other, and as yet more important, half of the king's Great Council or Parliament thus also developed into a separate House or Chamber, to which earls and barons temporal began after a time to claim admittance not, as hitherto, by virtue of being summoned by Royal writ, but by hereditary right. All this, of course, is very rough, and therefore inaccurate, generalisation, but it does indicate, I think, broadly speaking, how the House of Lords came to exist.

Gradually, in the course of centuries, and particularly after the accession of three dynasties with a less clear right to the throne than the old mediæval ones—the Lancastrians, the Tudors and the Stuarts—the Council of the magnates lost its earlier character. The great Officers of State still usually sat in it, but only by virtue of the fact that they were either hereditary or new-created peers and not because of their offices. And, though its members were still individually

far more powerful and wealthy than those of the Commons, the latter took an increasingly important, and by the sixteenth century predominant, part both in legislative and taxation matters. Apart from its judicial functions as the highest legal court in the land, though its assent was as necessary as that of the Commons to alterations in the law or fiscal system, the House of Lords became, despite the vast prestige and influence it symbolised, merely the sounding-board and debating chamber of the hereditary peerage and episcopal bench. Its members used the political power their wealth and landed possessions gave them, not through their own chamber but through their nominees—the representatives of rotten or close boroughs—in the Commons. By the time of the Napoleonic Wars, as followers of Gilbert and Sullivan will remember, it was possible to say of it justly that,

The House of Lords throughout the war
Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well!

And this, in spite of the fact that, except for Pitt, Addington and the short-lived Spencer Perceval, every Prime Minister of George III's long reign sat in the Lords and not the Commons. Even the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1867 were passed by Governments led by peers. As late as the beginning of this century, when I was a small boy, a noble marquis was Prime Minister. Yet within a decade almost all its political power, save as a revising Chamber, had been whittled away by the Parliament Act of 1911.

Now it is proposed to give new blood to the House of Lords by creating life peers who, in return for an expenses allowance, would devote their time to its debates, and by making it representative of both sexes in accordance with the general spirit of the age. I doubt if these reforms will substantially change its present character or influence, though the admission of political ladies to its grave and polite benches may make it a livelier but less restful place. To restore it to its historic function changes of a very different kind would be necessary. For during the greater part of its history what the House of Lords has represented has been wealth and power. The control of the Executive and the representation of the nation has been wisely centred since the seventeenth century in an elected House of Commons, but until comparatively recently it has been the House of Lords that has given a place in the Constitution for those who controlled major vested interests. And this I believe to be an extremely important constitutional function, for its statutory exercise helps to prevent hidden corruption, and helps, too, to eradicate that tendency of great wealth and powerful interests to anti-social behaviour which Stanley Baldwin, speaking of certain organs of the Press, once described as the prerogative of the harlot in all ages, power without responsibility. I should like to see, without any increase in its political powers, a House of Lords on which the Chairmen of our major financial, industrial and commercial corporations, the secretaries of our great Trade Unions and the editors of our principal newspapers, as well as the heads of opinion-forming entertainment corporations like the B.B.C. and the major cinema and television combines, served *ex officio* like the Royal tenants-in-chief and landed bishops and abbots of old. For I believe that, side by side with the political supremacy of an elected House of Commons, it would be a healthy, restraining and balancing influence in our national life, one that would make for more realism in our counsels, and would prevent that fatal gap—the chasm through which so many great empires have fallen—between the exercise of power and public responsibility for its use.



VIEWED FROM THE PARTLY-SHORED-UP VIADUCT WHICH COLLAPSED ON TO COACHES BELOW: THE WRECKAGE BEING CLEARED AS THE FOG LIFTED.



VIEWED FROM THE RAILWAY BENEATH THE VIADUCT: THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT, SHOWING THE MASSIVE GIRDERS WHICH FELL ON TO THE COACHES.

CHIEF CAUSE OF THE HEAVY DEATH-ROLL: THE VIADUCT WHICH COLLAPSED ON TO THE WRECKED TRAINS.

As the fog lifted and daylight came on the morning of Thursday, December 5, the full extent of the havoc caused in the London rush-hour railway disaster near St. John's Station was revealed. Rescue work continued all day among the remains of the two trains and beneath the fly-over viaduct, the girders of which were hanging perilously over the débris below. Earlier the train on the damaged viaduct, which had come to rest at the very brink of disaster, was safely moved. Many of the volunteers who had toiled ceaselessly throughout the night to rescue the injured and the dying were still working on the

following day. During the afternoon the whole of the electric train, except one coach which had telescoped into the engine of the steam train, was taken away. As men working with acetylene lamps, crowbars and cranes moved the wreckage from beneath the broken viaduct, they did so in the knowledge that the heavy girders might come down on top of them. At the time of writing, it has been stated that when the last of the bodies has been recovered, work will start on the huge task of dismantling the 500-ton bridge, which will have to be cut up into 8-ton sections.

AMONG THE REED DWELLERS OF SOUTHERN IRAQ.

"A REED SHAKEN BY THE WIND": BY GAVIN MAXWELL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IN September, 1954, Mr. Maxwell read in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* an article by Wilfred Thesiger, already well known as a traveller and cartographer in the most secluded tracts of Arabia Deserta. The article was called "The Marshmen of Southern Iraq," and "it described the life of a primitive and previously unexplored people among whom Thesiger had spent some months of each year since 1950. They lived, it seemed, hidden in a watery waste of marsh and lagoon untravelling by any early explorer, dwelling in reed huts built upon little floating islands like dabchicks' nests." Mr. Thesiger wrote: "The Ma'dan have acquired an evil name. The aristocratic tribes despise them for their dubious lineage, and willingly impute to them every sort of perfidy and wickedness, while the townsmen fear them, shun them and believe everything they hear against them. Among the British, too, their reputation is bad, a legacy from the First World War, when from the shelter of their marshes they murdered and looted both sides indiscriminately as opportunity offered. . . . They have a well-established reputation as thieves, but have not, as yet [he had the experience, during the journey here described!] stolen anything from me."

This attracted Mr. Maxwell. It wouldn't have attracted me, although I like the Norfolk Broads (out of season), love landscapes which consist but of a narrow belt of reeds between pale blue sky and pale blue water, with wild-fowl scuttering round, and the odd nest in the reeds. But it attracted Mr. Maxwell. He, who was evidently haunted by Baudelaire's passion for sailing out over the seas to find "The Unknown," wrote to Mr. Thesiger to say that he would like to join him on an expedition.

A meeting was arranged. Mr. Maxwell thought, or says he thought, that he would meet "someone a little indifferent to his personal appearance, someone with contempt for conformity to the conventions of a European social group." What he did meet (although the man he met didn't put on a dinner-jacket in the jungle, as Britons did when Britain was in her prime) was somebody more externally conventional than he expected. "The bowler hat, the hard collar and black shoes, the never-opened umbrella, all these were a surprise to me." It doesn't seem to have occurred to Mr. Maxwell that if an Englishman turns up in London from thousands of miles away, he doesn't want to be stared at in his club, even in a sidelong, whispering way.

They talked, and the experienced traveller, dressed like a young Guards officer off duty, told Mr. Maxwell about some of the tribulations which he would have to face if he went to that gigantic area of swamps and lakes and recovering land, where the mud, and later the recovering alluvial soil, has been creeping out into the Persian Gulf ever since Noah's Flood—as in many another delta in the world, from the Nile to the Ganges, from the Ganges to the Amazon. The correct

Thesiger asked the adventurous Maxwell if he could sleep hard—"because you won't see a mattress in the marshes." Maxwell replied that he was ready for it. The next question was about insect-bites. Thesiger said: "They don't happen to bite me, but sometimes they keep me awake by sheer weight of numbers, and the Arabs themselves are often driven half crazy by them."

Maxwell had to admit that if he was within a mile of a flea, a flea would make a flea-line to him: the fleas, he says, "munch as they go." Then he was told about the diseases in the marshland. "The marshpeople have every disease you can think of and lots that you can't—practically all infectious. It's my hobby; I'm not a trained doctor, but one acquires knowledge through experience and necessity. One tries to do something for them, and you'll find that we spend a lot of time doctoring. I've built up a certain immunity, but I don't know how you'd get on. They've

were only No. 5 duck shot: he made an indentation in the boar's side, and the boar mercifully swerved away.

There are a lot of boars in his book, a lot of fish, a lot of flowers, and innumerable birds, from flamingos and herons to ducks and coot. Coot, apparently, were occasionally shot for the pot. Well, I once made a soup out of a coot, and I didn't think it very nice; nor did I think nice a glutinous soup which, under instruction from a much more venerable man, I made from a moorhen.

Mr. Thesiger's article tempted Mr. Maxwell to go to those disease-ridden swamps. Mr. Maxwell's book tempts me not. It is beautifully written. At times one is held spellbound by his descriptions of sunsets over the marshes, and the pullulating bird and animal life. His photographs are quite lovely. Several times, looking at one of them, I caught myself saying: "What a lovely girl": only to find, when I looked at the caption, that it wasn't a girl but a boy.

These marsh-dwellers may be looked down upon, racially, by their neighbours. They talk Arabic and are called by such names as Mahommed and Abdullah, and they have all sorts of taboo about food. But, by their faces, which bear no trace of Semite, Negro or Mongolian, I should put them as pure members of what the ethnologists have, at various times, called the Caucasian, Indo-European, Aryan or (merely) White Race. I look at Mr.



THE TARADA (A WAR CANOE) SHELTERING IN THE LEE OF AN ISLAND ON LAKE DAIMA, IN SOUTHERN IRAQ.

all got dysentery, you know, and as the water-level round their houses fluctuates, the drinking supply and the public lavatory become one and the same thing. I took one Englishman into the marshes and he was carried out after ten days two stone lighter than he came in. He'd have died if I hadn't sent him back."

"I was determined," says Mr. Maxwell, "to let nothing stand between me and this opportunity, and I professed complete indifference to diseases." Off they went together, in a tarada, a sort of high-prowed gondola; staying, occasionally, with agreeable sheiks (now, it seems, being superseded in accordance with "democratic" theory, but with ill results), now sleeping out, now arriving at a disease-ridden community, with Thesiger using up the last of his medicaments; now shooting for the pot.

The animal on whose products (milk and dung) these marsh-dwellers seem most to rely is the water-buffalo. The animal most common seems to be the wild boar. He is pig, so Moslems won't eat him; but he seems to be massacred wholesale. Mr. Maxwell had his most exciting encounter with an enormous water-swimming boar: his cartridges



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. GAVIN MAXWELL.

Mr. Gavin Maxwell, who is the grandson of the well-known archaeologist and politician Sir Herbert Maxwell, is the author of "God Protect Me From My Friends" and "Harpoon at a Venture," the story of his experiment with commercial shark-fishing. Besides contributing both poetry and prose to various periodicals, he is a professional portrait painter.



A PRACTICAL AND INEXPENSIVE METHOD OF PREFABRICATION: A HOUSE BEING BUILT IN TWO HOURS AT ABU MALIH. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE FINISHED SKELETON OF THE HOUSE WITH THE REED ARCHES READY TO BE COVERED WITH REED MATTING.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "A Reed Shaken by the Wind," by courtesy of the publishers, Longmans, Green and Co.

Maxwell's photographs and I say to myself: "These people are not savages; they are my brothers."

It is the opinion of Mr. Maxwell that they will shortly be suburbanised. It would be easy to be sarcastic about all that. But ever since Jean-Jacques Rousseau, that is the way the drift has gone. After my time there may be a swing the other way.

I shan't be here to see it. But, as I have the Faith I have, it won't matter. What is all this "sub specie aeternitatis"?

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1052 of this issue.

* "A Reed Shaken by the Wind." By Gavin Maxwell. Illustrated. (Longmans; 21s.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



JERUSALEM. TAKEN FROM THE AUGUSTA VICTORIA HOSPITAL, IN THE JORDAN SECTOR OF MOUNT SCOPUS: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE DEMILITARISED ZONE OF JERUSALEM, SHOWING THE CORRIDOR OF JORDAN TERRITORY (B) WHICH CUTS OFF THE DISUSED HEBREW UNIVERSITY (C) AND HADASSA HOSPITAL (D) FROM THE REST OF THE NEW (ISRAELI) CITY (A).



JERUSALEM (ISRAEL SIDE). DELAYED FOR TWO WEEKS: THE FORTNIGHTLY ISRAELI CONVOY OF SUPPLIES FOR THE POLICE GARRISON IN THE DEMILITARISED ZONE OF MOUNT SCOPUS. AGREEMENT FOR ITS DEPARTURE WAS REACHED ON DECEMBER 4.



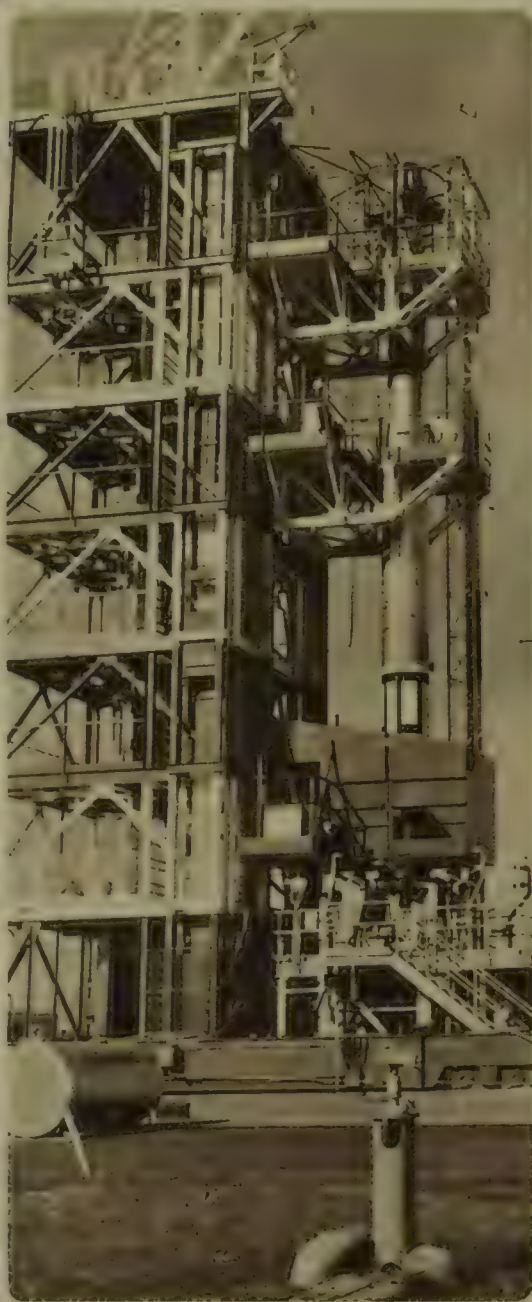
JERUSALEM (ISRAEL SIDE). AT MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD'S TALKS IN ISRAEL: (SEATED, L. TO R.) COLONEL LEARY (ACTING CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE U.N. TRUCE ORGANISATION), MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD, MR. BEN-GURION, PRIME MINISTER OF ISRAEL, AND GENERAL DAYAN.



AMMAN, JORDAN. SOON AFTER ARRIVING IN JORDAN ON DECEMBER 1: MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD, U.N. SECRETARY-GENERAL, BEING GREETED BY KING HUSSEIN (LEFT).

On December 1 Mr. Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations, arrived in the Jordan capital, Amman, at the beginning of a week's visit to the Middle East to try to ease Arab-Israeli tensions. After talks with the Jordan Foreign Minister, Samir Rifai, a non-committal official statement was issued, and on December 3 the Secretary-General crossed from the Jordan to the Israel side of Jerusalem, for talks with Mr. Ben-Gurion and other Israeli leaders. An immediate problem was that of the fortnightly Israeli convoy to Mount Scopus, which had been held up by the Jordan authorities because it carried an extra supply of petrol. On December 4 a statement was issued announcing the solution of this dispute, and after two weeks' delay the convoy was allowed to set out. In a later statement Mr. Hammarskjöld announced that he would appoint a personal representative for further negotiations with the Jordan and Israel Governments, which agreed to give full implementations for U.N. inspections of Mount Scopus.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



THE U.S. *VANGUARD* ROCKET, WHICH WAS TO CARRY THE FIRST AMERICAN "TEST VEHICLE" INTO OUTER SPACE, MOUNTED ON ITS STAND AT CAPE CANAVERAL, IN FLORIDA. IT IS HERE SEEN DURING ALIGNMENT TESTS.



ASSEMBLING THE "GRAPE-FRUIT," THE TERM USED BY THE U.S. ENGINEERS FOR THE 6.4-IN.-DIAMETER TEST SPHERES TO BE USED IN THE FIRST U.S. SATELLITE TESTS.



A WOMAN TECHNICIAN ASSEMBLING ONE OF THE TWO TINY RADIO TRANSMITTERS DESIGNED TO BE CARRIED IN EACH OF THE 6.4-IN.-DIAMETER TEST SPHERES.



ON TOP OF THE LAUNCHING PLATFORM AT CAPE CANAVERAL: ENGINEERS FITTING ONE OF THE TINY TEST SPHERES TO THE TOP OF THE THIRD STAGE OF THE ROCKET.



(Right.) THE FINAL STAGE OF ASSEMBLY: U.S. ENGINEERS FITTING THE PROTECTIVE CONE OVER THE TEST SPHERE WHICH HAD JUST BEEN MOUNTED ON THE THIRD STAGE OF THE ROCKET.



ONE OF THE STRINGENT TESTS TO WHICH THE TINY SPHERES WERE SUBMITTED BEFORE USE: THE ALUMINIUM TEST SPHERE UNDERGOING VIBRATION TESTS.



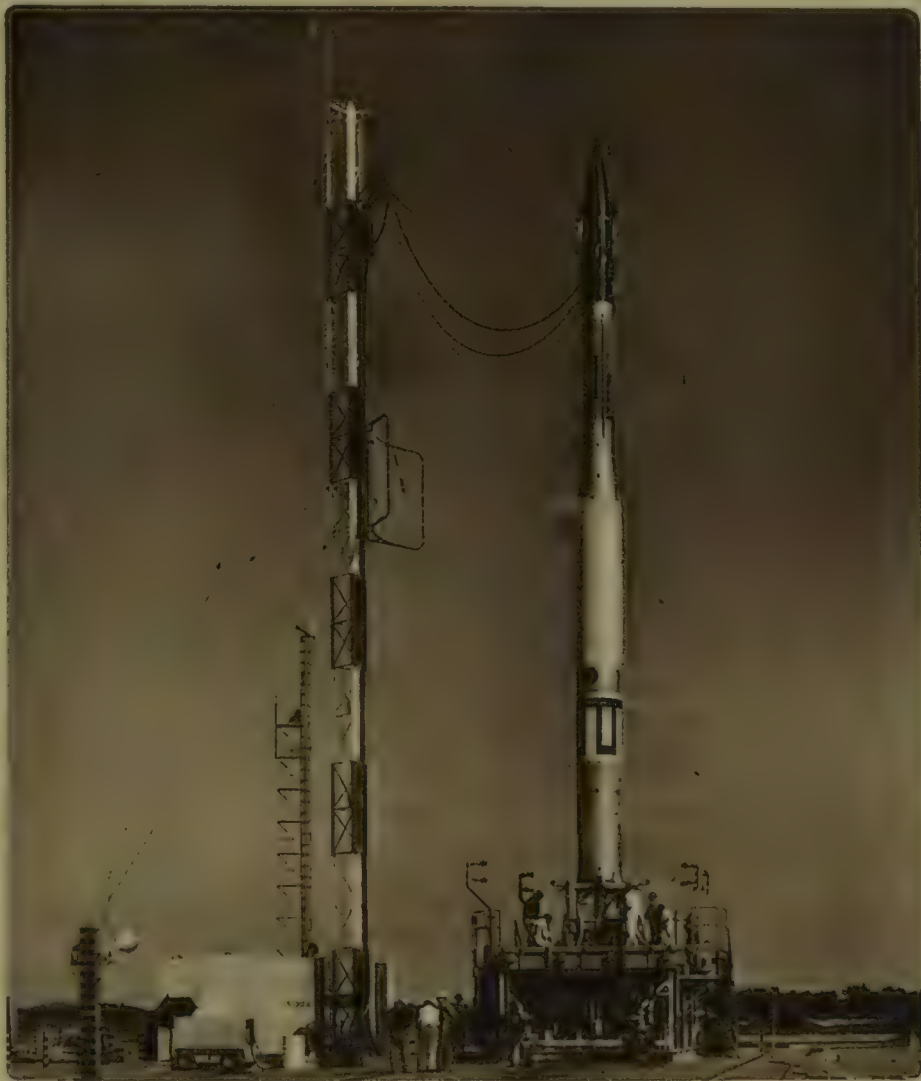
SENATOR LYNDON B. JOHNSON, CHAIRMAN OF THE U.S. SENATE "PREPAREDNESS" SUB-COMMITTEE, HOLDING UP ONE OF THE TEST SPHERES, WHICH WEIGHS UNDER 4 LB.

CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA: FINAL PREPARATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES' FIRST SATELLITE ATTEMPT.

Although the United States' thunder had been largely stolen by Russia's successive launching of Sputnik I (184 lb.) and Sputnik II (1118 lb.)—which at the time of writing were still in orbit round the world—the United States' programme for launching artificial satellites was being pressed forward, and December 4 was chosen as the day for the first launching of a "test vehicle," an aluminium sphere weighing under 4 lb., with a diameter of 6.4 ins. and carrying two radio transmitters, one powered by mercury batteries, the other

by solar batteries. The latter are worked by the square panels which can be seen on the surface of the sphere. High winds at Cape Canaveral, in Florida, on December 4 caused the postponement of the first launching. It was not known whether the tiny sphere would indeed take up an orbit and, indeed, it and others like it were regarded purely as preliminary tests for the 21-in. diameter satellite which the United States will attempt to place in an orbit early in 1958. The rocket used is a three-stage *Vanguard*.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



READY FOR LAUNCHING: THE VANGUARD THREE-STAGE ROCKET, COMPLETE WITH TEST SPHERE, STANDING FREE ON THE "LAUNCHING PAD" AT CAPE CANAVERAL.



THE LAUNCH—AND DISASTER: THE LOWER STAGES HEEL OVER AND BREAK UP, THE THIRD STAGE PARTS COMPANY, AND SMOKE BILLOWS OUT.



DISASTER COMPLETE: THE ROCKET, AFTER RISING A FOOT OR TWO, HAS FALLEN OVER, AND A BRILLIANT AND MENACING CLOUD OF SMOKE AND FLAME DEVELOPS.



A GREAT PALL OF SMOKE, ABOUT 100 FT. ACROSS, AS THE FIRST TWO STAGES OF THE ROCKET EXPLODE. THE THIRD STAGE, WITH TEST SPHERE, WAS THROWN CLEAR.

CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA: "A TECHNOLOGICAL PEARL HARBOUR"—THE U.S. FAILURE TO LAUNCH THEIR FIRST SATELLITE.

The preparations at Cape Canaveral, Florida, to launch the United States' first satellite or test sphere (described on the previous page) ended on December 6 with a humiliating failure, widely described in America as "a technological Pearl Harbour." After previous cancellations, owing to bad weather and technical hitches, the *Vanguard* rocket was ignited at 11.45 a.m. on December 6. It started to leave the platform and burned under

control for about two seconds, and it is believed to have risen about 2 ft. There was then a failure of thrust, the lower two stages toppled over, the third stage fell clear, and, indeed, the test sphere continued to transmit throughout the incident. A huge burst of smoke and flame occurred and the lower two stages of the rocket were completely destroyed. No one was injured. A full report on the failure has been ordered by the President.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



BRITISH HONDURAS. AFTER THE BREAKING-OFF OF THE LONDON TALKS: MR. PRICE, LEADER OF THE PEOPLE'S UNITED PARTY, BEING GREETED ON HIS RETURN TO THE COLONY. Mr. Price, leader of the People's United Party of British Honduras and one of the elected members of a delegation which came to London to discuss the Colony's financial needs and future constitutional development, returned to British Honduras on November 30 after the Colonial Secretary had broken off the talks. Mr. Price had private talks in London with the Guatemalan Minister concerning transference of the allegiance of British Honduras from the Crown to a foreign power. Mr. Price has been suspended from the Colony's Executive Council and removed from his post as Member for Natural Resources.



IFNI, MOROCCO. THE FIGHTING BETWEEN MOROCCAN INSURGENTS AND SPANISH FORCES: MOROCCANS ATTACKING THE OUTPOST AT TIURZA.

At the time of writing, progress reports on the fighting in the Spanish colonial possession of Ifni, made by the Spanish authorities and the Moroccan insurgents, conflicted sharply. According to Spanish sources, the insurgents had been all but defeated, while the insurgents claimed that all Ifni, except the chief town, Sidi Ifni, was in their hands.



ITALY. FOLLOWING THE BRAWL AFTER THE ITALY VS. NORTHERN IRELAND FOOTBALL MATCH IN BELFAST: A DEMONSTRATION IN MILAN.

After what was termed a friendly match between Northern Ireland and Italy in Belfast on December 4, spectators crowded on to the pitch and behaved in a most unfriendly way to the Italian players. Official and unofficial protests were later made in Italy.



SOUTHERN ITALY. SNOW IN AN UNLIKELY PLACE FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR: THE SCENE ON A ROAD NEAR BARI, ONE OF THE TOWNS IN THE SOUTH OF ITALY WHERE THERE HAVE BEEN UNSEASONABLE FALLS OF SNOW.



FORMOSA. TAKING A SHORT REST DURING A RECENT TOUR OF THE NEW HIGHWAY WHICH IS BEING BUILT ACROSS THE ISLAND: GENERAL AND MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK.



FRANCE. DURING A TRIAL RECENTLY: A NEW TYPE OF RAILWAY CARRIAGE WHICH, AS SHOWN HERE, TILTS WHEN TAKING BENDS AT SPEED. IT IS REPORTED THAT THE NEW CARRIAGE IS SOON TO BE INTRODUCED ON THE FRENCH RAILWAYS.

IT is to be hoped that a large audience of intelligent Britons has been listening to the arresting Reith Lectures delivered on the radio by an American visitor, Mr. George Kennan. As these words are written the series has not been completed—and, in the rôle of (I hope) an intelligent Londoner who enjoys dining out, I have missed one of them. The outstanding impression they have made upon my mind is their thoughtfulness, fresh approach to the conflict which splits the world, ability to see the other man's point of view, and bold reasoning. This is particularly true of that on the military aspect, given on December 1. It included one piece of good advice, to "beware of rejecting ideas just because they happen to coincide with ones put forward on the other side."

Mr. Kennan does not suggest that the policy of a nuclear deterrent should be abandoned, and I am convinced that this would be inadvisable, if not disastrous. On the other hand, he does not subscribe to it as a semi-permanent method of defence. Some publicists regard it as a shield under which, though it is not the sort which we should prefer to use, we are likely to have to shelter for an indeterminate time. This view is abhorrent to the Reith Lecturer. He finds it too dangerous, as well as abhorrent. And I have gathered from this and previous lectures that he considers the danger overhanging the world to have increased of late. He is eager to discover a more satisfactory shelter to replace what he regards as a temporary expedient.

Mr. Kennan attributes very high importance to the position of Germany. I myself have long regarded Germany as one of the key factors. I have more than once expressed here the view that, rather than any other step likely to be taken by sane men, the union of the two Germanies with the right to choose their camp and their arms would run the risk of having to face forcible resistance by Russia. I do not consider that union on such terms would represent an immediate threat to Russia, but I can see that it might well appear to be a potential threat of the most serious kind. I agree with Mr. Kennan in his belief that the political and military future of Germany is a problem crying out for a solution and that it has not as yet been publicly discussed with enough originality and freedom from preconception.

Though theoretically the Federal Republic's right to manage its own affairs, including defence



THE SUBJECT OF A RECENT ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT: DR. SUKARNO, PRESIDENT OF INDONESIA (SEATED LEFT), WITH DR. DJUANDA AND DR. HATTA (RIGHT).

This photograph was taken at the National Development Conference in Jakarta a few days before an attempt was made on the life of Dr. Sukarno. Four grenades were thrown at him while he was visiting the school his children attend. The President was unhurt, but 8 persons were killed and about 150 injured, mostly children. A few days later the Indonesian Government introduced a series of drastic anti-Dutch measures.

and armament, should be extended to a united Germany, many people hold that the problem concerns the whole world and that its solution should be a primary interest of the West. It happens that the ideas behind the rearmament of the Federal Republic lend themselves to a special treatment of the case. Both official and public

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. MR. KENNAN ON THE OPPOSING CAMPS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

opinion appears to be in favour of renunciation of the acceptance of nuclear weapons. The Germans believe that even the employment of tactical atomic weapons on their territory would result in colossal devastation. Here they are at one with Mr. Kennan.

His ideas, however, extend more widely. He proposes that the Great Powers, the United States and the United Kingdom, should stand farther back, both figuratively and literally. He advocates more independent and individual relations with Soviet Russia as a desirable policy on the part of the smaller European states, including presumably members of N.A.T.O. (One small nation which is a member of N.A.T.O., Greece, has in fact lately experimented in this field.) Mr. Kennan clearly feels that the close interlocking which was created with strength as the objective has led to a rigidity which tends to render more unlikely than ever the prospect of easier relations.

As I have said, however, this standing farther back on the part of the United States and the United Kingdom is, according to Mr. Kennan's proposals, to be physical also. He is in favour of the withdrawal of United States and British forces. Here, far from being supported by the Federal Republic, his policy, if there were any hint of its becoming official, would be strongly opposed. I do not think he has committed himself to an opinion about where the Americans are supposed to go—back across the Atlantic?—but anyhow both would quit Germany. The Germans desire that they should remain because they consider that their presence affords almost the only hope that serious boundary troubles and clashes would not lead to a nuclear war. There also I agree, though I fear the hope cannot be a very confident one.

Now comes the most remarkable proposal of all. The regular forces of the small European states, says Mr. Kennan, are incapable of any serious resistance to a Russian advance. Therefore they do not pay for their keep. They should be replaced by a militia organisation which would carry on a guerrilla-type of resistance in the event

of invasion. Mr. Kennan considers that this might be highly effective. He goes so far as to assert that any state which announced in advance its determination to resist on these lines as a united nation could feel confident that Russia would never put it to the test. I have spoken of originality of outlook. It will be agreed that this proposal merits the description.

I disagree with it for more than one reason. In the first place the nations in question are not wholly united and some of them are notoriously



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS, SIR HUGH FOOT, BEING SWORN IN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NICOSIA, ON DECEMBER 3.

At his installation on December 3, Sir Hugh Foot, who has succeeded Field Marshal Sir John Harding as Governor of Cyprus, called for a fresh start and said that he came to Cyprus with an open mind. On December 8 he made a surprise broadcast, appealing to the inhabitants to keep the week (in which Cyprus is being debated by the United Nations) free of disorders. On December 9 rioting broke out in several towns; and troops had to open fire in Famagusta.

far from it. Italy, for instance, would be unlikely to act as a united nation and in that rôle carry on an effective resistance movement. Secondly, I think Mr. Kennan over-estimates the power of resistance movements in Europe. During the Second World War they never became seriously embarrassing to the German forces of occupation in Western Europe until after the allied invasion. Russian guerrillas, for what they were worth, acquired their value from the fact that vast campaigns in which regular forces were engaged were going on simultaneously with their activities. Thirdly, resistance forces in the Second World War were kept together by better hopes of relief than would now inspire them.

Then I think it probable that Russian methods against a resistance movement would be more severe than the most ghastly employed by the Germans. It might even be that many of the citizens of states engaged in such activities would, in the end, come to long for an atomic-bomb to end their miseries. Most important of all, for the best results resistance movements depend greatly on the nature of the country. That of Yugoslavia was ideal and her campaign against the Germans was consequently the most successful. Even so, it was a major nuisance and embarrassment rather than a calamity. Were Russia determined to invade and occupy a country, I do not believe that she would be deterred by the prospect of future guerrilla attacks on the forces of occupation.

Listening to these Reith Lectures, I heard much political and military advice which was altogether admirable. Yet I do not apologise for having allotted so much space to theories which I cannot accept, because these are in my view the boldest proposals—and I must add, the least wise. I do apologise for a negative treatment, an effort to knock down some of Mr. Kennan's constructions without having left myself room to make suggestions for their replacement. It seems to me possible that the United States, far from improving the situation by "standing back," would do well to consider whether she has not lately stood back too far and lived in a world of trans-Polar missiles rather than one of living and deeply-worried European communities.



(Above.)
THE SOUTH AISLE
OF THE NEW
ST. BRIDE'S, LOOK-
ING EAST. ON THE
LEFT IS PART OF
THE CARVED OAK
SCREEN, AND IN
THE CENTRE, THE
ORGAN CONSOLE.

AS is men-
tioned in the
caption to our
other illustra-
tion of St. Bride's
in this issue,
the restoration
of this fine Wren
church, badly
damaged by fire
in the war, is
now being com-
pleted and a
rededication
ceremony, which
will be attended
by the Queen
and the Bishop
of London, is to
take place on
December 19.
Mr. Godfrey
Allen's design
for the recon-
struction work
brings the new
St. Bride's closer
to Wren's origi-
nal intention,
certain altera-
tions introduced
after Wren's day
having been
omitted. Among
these changes,
the north, south
and west gal-
leries, believed

[Continued opposite.]



Continued.]
not to have been
intended by
Wren, have been
removed, making
the interior
much lighter.
Thus there is
now an unob-
structed view of
the noted west
wall, formerly
obscured by the
gallery and
organ case. The
fine new organ,
the gift of Lord
Astor of Hever,
Master of the
Guild of St.
Bride, is in-
stalled in the
recesses of the
north and south
of the base of
the steeple, and
the console is in
the south aisle.
Other illus-
trations of St.
Bride's have ap-
peared in our
issues of July 28
and Dec. 29,
1956, and in that
of Feb. 23, 1957.

(Left.)
FORMERLY OB-
SCURED BY THE
WEST GALLERY
AND ORGAN CASE:
WREN'S FINE
WEST WALL, WITH
THE RESTORED
CANOPIED GAL-
LERY, WHICH IS
UNIQUE IN WREN'S
ARCHITECTURE.

A WREN CHURCH RESTORED: ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET; VIEWS OF THE SOUTH AISLE AND WEST WALL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



SOON TO BE REDEDICATED AT A CEREMONY TO BE ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN: THE NEW ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET.

The restoration of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, which was burnt out during an air raid in 1940, is now nearly completed, and at a ceremony on December 19, which is to be attended by the Queen and the Bishop of London, the church is to be rededicated and the new reredos is to be unveiled. The new St. Bride's, which has been restored to designs by Mr. Godfrey Allen, is now closer to the plan of Sir Christopher Wren, as a number of

alterations which had been introduced since his time have not been reproduced. Above are shown the fresco on the east wall, designed by Mr. Glyn Jones, and the reredos. Part of the new seating arrangement, with two open carved oak screens and rows of stalls facing each other, can also be seen. The fresco, which gives the flat east wall the appearance of an apse, is in accordance with early descriptions of the church.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TENSION IN BRITISH HONDURAS: THE GOVERNOR, SIR COLIN THORNLEY.

At the request of the Governor of British Honduras, the frigate *Ulster* arrived at Belize on December 6 carrying one company of the Worcestershire Regiment as a temporary reinforcement of the local garrison. The frigate arrived as Mr. George Price, leader of the People's United Party, was suspended from the British Honduras Executive Council.



THE KILT VERSUS TREWS—TWO RESIGNATIONS: MAJOR-GENERAL EDMUND HAKEWILL-SMITH (LEFT) AND MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. URQUHART. Major-General E. Hakewill-Smith, of The Royal Scots Fusiliers, and Major-General R. E. Urquhart, of The Highland Light Infantry, have resigned as Colonels of their regiments because of their disagreement with the Army Council on its ruling that the regiment formed by the amalgamation of their two regiments should wear trews and not the kilt. The two regiments, against all probability, had reached complete agreement between themselves on the terms of amalgamation.



A NOTED SCHOLAR AND TEACHER: THE LATE DR. CYRIL BAILEY.

Dr. Cyril Bailey, who died aged eighty-six on December 5, was Fellow and Classical Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, from 1902-1939, Public Orator, Oxford (1932-39), and had been Chairman of the Council of Lady Margaret Hall. Formerly a keen mountaineer and games player, he was a singing member of the Oxford Bach choir for many years.



A HABSBURG WEDDING: PRINCESS ILEANA AND COUNT JAROSLAV KOTTULINSKY ARE CONGRATULATED BY A SWEEP FOR LUCK. Memories of the Habsburg Empire were recalled at the wedding in Vienna on December 7 of Princess Maria Ileana, daughter of Princess Ileana of Rumania and of Archduke Anton of Austria, to Count Jaroslav Kottulinsky, a great-grandson of Archduke Johannes of Austria. The bride is third cousin to the Queen.



LORD WAVERLEY: O.M. INSIGNIA RECEIVED IN HOSPITAL. On December 8 the insignia of the Order of Merit, conferred on him by the Queen, was handed to Lord Waverley, Chairman of the Port of London Authority, as he lay ill in St. Thomas's Hospital, London, by the Queen's private secretary, Sir Michael Adeane. Lord Waverley, formerly Sir John Anderson, is seventy-five, and was a member of the War Cabinet during World War II, being successively Home Secretary, Lord President of the Council and Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Portrait by Fayer.



AT THE SAVAGE CLUB'S CENTENARY DINNER: MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (LEFT) AND THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. On December 8, 500 writers, artists, actors, musicians, scientists and lawyers attended the centenary dinner of the Savage Club, held at the Savoy Hotel, London. Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice, took the chair and proposed the toast of "The Club." Seated next to him was Mr. Somerset Maugham.



BACK IN HARNESS AFTER HIS ILLNESS: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN HIS OFFICE IN WASHINGTON WITH MR. DULLES (CENTRE). One of President Eisenhower's official engagements following his illness was a meeting in his office in Washington with Mr. Dulles and Mr. D. R. Heath, the new U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia (above, right). Afterwards, he went to his Gettysburg farm for a restful week-end. Mr. Hagerty, White House Press Secretary, said the President was feeling normal.



A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR DIES SUDDENLY: MR. ANTHONY IRELAND.

Mr. Anthony Ireland, best known to theatre audiences for his performances as a certain type of almost unwitting villain, collapsed and died suddenly at the age of fifty-five on Dec. 4. At the time of his death he was playing in Miss Lesley Storm's "Roar Like a Dove." He had studied for the stage at the R.A.D.A., and his debut was in "The Rivals" in 1925.



A POSSIBLE AIR LINK BETWEEN MOSCOW AND LONDON: LORD DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE (RIGHT) GREETES MARSHAL P. ZHIGARYEV. Marshal P. Zhigaryev, head of the Soviet airline Aeroflot, arrived in London on December 7 to discuss the establishment of a civil air link between Moscow and London. He was greeted on arrival by Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, Chairman of British European Airways, and said the new service would help to improve Anglo-Russian relations.

A FAMILY OCCASION AT LONDON UNIVERSITY: PRINCESS MARGARET'S FIRST HONORARY DEGREE.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER TOGETHER ON THE PLATFORM: THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET, BOTH IN THEIR CEREMONIAL ROBES, DURING THE CEREMONY AT THE SENATE HOUSE.

AT THE SENATE HOUSE ON DECEMBER 4: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, AS CHANCELLOR OF LONDON UNIVERSITY, CONFERRING THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC ON PRINCESS MARGARET.

PRINCESS MARGARET received her first degree when Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Chancellor of London University, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Music upon her during a ceremony in the Senate House on December 4. Thus this formal academic occasion, which reached its climax when the Princess removed her academic head-dress and inclined her head as the Queen Mother placed over her shoulders the hood of the degree, was also something of a family occasion. Presenting Princess Margaret to the Chancellor, the Public Orator, Professor J. R. Sutherland, said that the degree was being conferred "in the full knowledge that she is herself a connoisseur of music, and a performer—though, alas, in private—of skill and distinction." Addressing the assembly, Princess Margaret said that this was an exciting and important day for her—important because this was her first degree, and exciting for her "to experience the feelings which graduates of North Staffordshire these last two summers have sensed when I have conferred degrees on them." Princess Margaret is President of the University College of North Staffordshire.

(Right.) WATCHED BY STUDENTS AND PRECEDED BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, DR. J. F. LOCKWOOD: PRINCESS MARGARET DESCENDING THE STAIRS IN THE PROCESSION TO THE CHANCELLOR'S HALL FOR THE DEGREE CEREMONY.





IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

DAWN CYPRESS—a pleasant enough name for a recently discovered tree, and preferable, one would have thought, and more likely to be popular among amateur gardeners than the jingling little

THE DAWN CYPRESS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

even in its limited district of distribution. In cultivation it seems to appreciate good loam and a relatively moist situation, and when well treated it is a rapid grower, forming a pyramid of soft, fresh green foliage, very like that of the deciduous cypress, *Taxodium distichum*.

As to the tree's hardiness in this country there can, I think, be no doubt. Here in an extremely cold part of the Cotswolds the Dawn Cypress has come through several really severe winters quite unharmed.

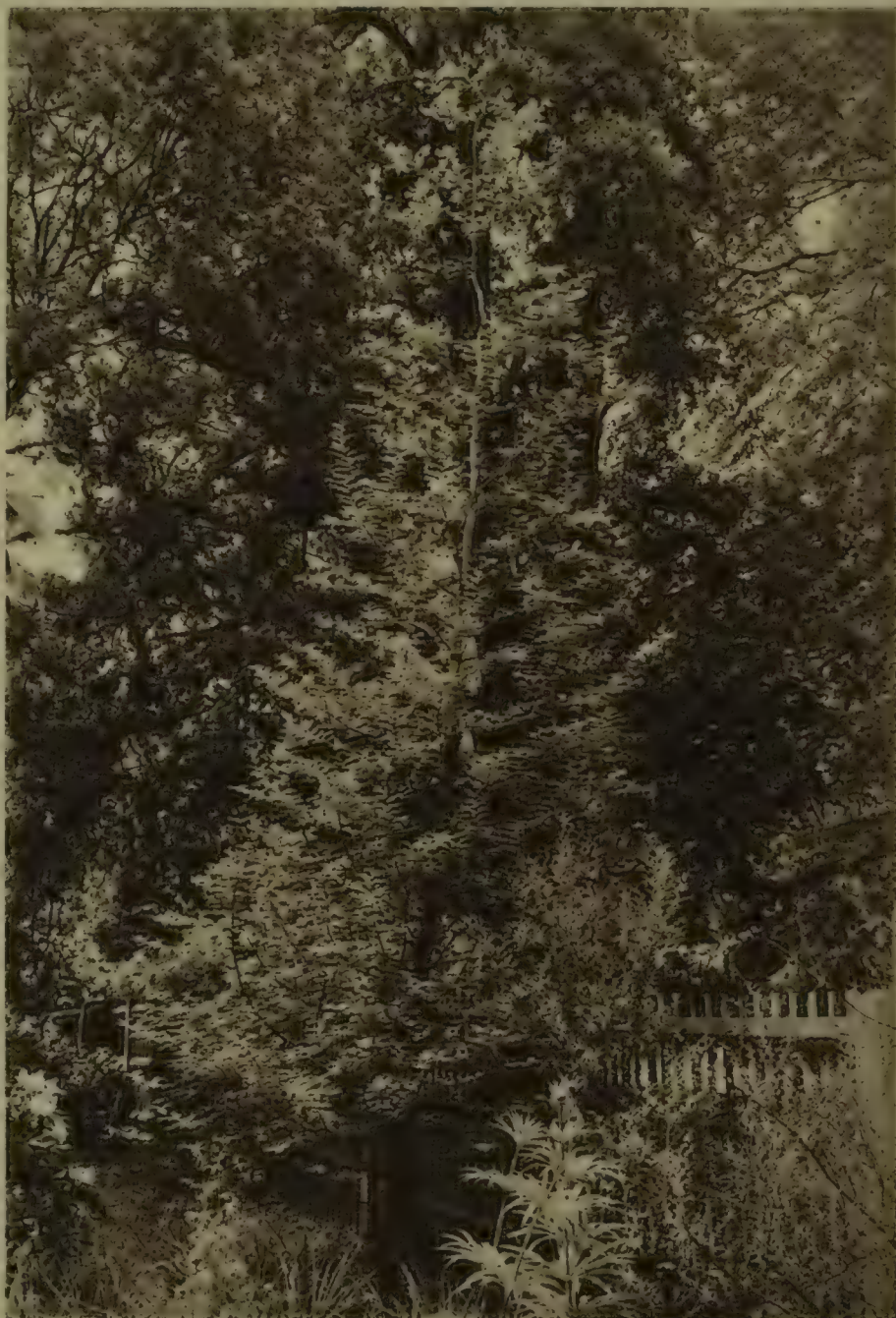


assortment of syllables—*Metasequoia glyptostroboides*—with which the botanists have dubbed it. And yet, oddly enough, it is *Metasequoia*, etc., etc., that seems to have caught on among gardeners of every sort. I have noticed that even the most timid amateurs, those who wail the loudest about "those horrible Latin names," will memorise *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*, and trot it out with conscious pride and ill-concealed satisfaction. But as to Dawn Cypress, who can say whether the name has come to stay or not. The tree itself was only discovered a dozen years ago, and Dawn Cypress is certainly better than most newly-coined popular names. But it usually takes a longish time for a folk-name to sink securely and permanently into our language. It would be interesting to know who thought up such a pleasant and promising name for the newcomer, and what, by the by, does the "dawn" refer to?

But that the tree itself has come to stay there can be no doubt whatever, for apart from the romantic story of its discovery and introduction to cultivation, *Metasequoia glyptostroboides* is hardy, easy to grow, and easy to propagate, and a tree of exceptional beauty. Until 1945 the genus *Metasequoia* had only been known from fossil specimens, but in that year a Chinese botanist, Mr. T. Wang, discovered living specimens in Hupeh. The tree was duly named *Metasequoia glyptostroboides* by Drs. Hsen-Hsa Hu and Wan-Chun Cheng. I have seen it referred to as the Dawn Redwood as well as the Dawn Cypress, so the tree would seem to have started to accumulate the customary number of conflicting common names very soon after its discovery and introduction.

Soon after its discovery in 1945, an expedition was sent out by the Arnold Arboretum, U.S.A., to collect seeds, and seeds were sent to England for distribution. I felt greatly honoured to receive a pinch of this precious harvest—which germinated well. I planted one of the young seedlings here, in my own Cotswold garden, where it has made good growth. Another, in my son's nearby garden, planted in much better and more nourishing soil, has grown much faster than mine, and has formed a shapely tapered pyramid some 10 or 12 ft. tall. Another I presented to the arboretum at Westonbirt, where I saw it a week or two ago, prospering in a perfect setting and situation. There were a few others whose destinations I can not remember. Only one died. I took it to a once famous gardener and explained about its great interest and rarity—and its hardiness. Apparently the gardener knew better. I was horrified to see it, later, in a large pot in the hall entrance. It died. Let us be charitable and pass a verdict of death by misadventure.

In the wild state *Metasequoia glyptostroboides* grows to a height of 115 ft., and apparently it is rare



"THE DAWN CYPRESS (*METASEQUOIA GLYPTOSTROBOIDES*) IS QUITE OUTSTANDINGLY VALUABLE ... AND FOR A BRIEF SPELL IN AUTUMN ASSUMES A VERY LOVELY TONE OF WHAT I CAN ONLY DESCRIBE AS A SUBTLE SHADE OF APRICOT-GOLD WITH A SLIGHT FLUSH OF STRAWBERRY-PINK."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

Attractive though the soft and gracious green foliage of *Metasequoia* is, for a brief spell in autumn the tree assumes a very lovely tone of what I can only describe as a subtle shade of apricot-gold with a slight flush of strawberry-pink, before it suddenly and all too soon sheds its leaves for the winter. I have found the Dawn Cypress quite easy to propagate. The tips of side branches taken as cuttings in early summer, dibbled into a pot of silver sand to which a dash of peaty soil had been added, and kept in a cold-frame, struck root quite freely within a few weeks. Fortunately several of the nursery firms which specialise in choice trees and shrubs have taken advantage of *Metasequoia's* willingness to increase and multiply, and so can supply nice young specimens to all who wish to possess a Dawn Cypress. And, I would add that any nursery firm which may not happen to have a stock of this tree would almost certainly know where to obtain a specimen, and so be able and willing to oblige a prospective customer. A few months ago I wanted to give a young *Metasequoia* to a friend, and quite at random wrote to one of the leading tree and shrub nursery firms—of which there are many—and ordered a young Dawn Cypress. Back came two, a middle-sized youngster, and a really little fellow, so that I was able to give pleasure to two friends instead of only one.

As a tree to plant in an important isolated position, preferably in lawn, with ample elbow-room and headroom, the Dawn Cypress is quite outstandingly valuable, and I would especially recommend it for medium to small gardens, on account of its erect narrowly pyramidal habit. No fear of its forming a great spreading mass of top hamper to overshadow its betters in the flower-beds below. As with almost any other choice tree or shrub, it is worth while going to some trouble to give your Dawn Cypress a good start in life, by preparing an ample hole, deep and wide, and filled with a first-rate soil mixture, loam, leaf mould, a little peat perhaps, and a dash of short, well-rotted farmyard manure, or compost. But if the natural soil of your garden is really good, it will only be necessary to prepare the planting hole by deep and thorough digging, and the addition, perhaps, of a little best-vintage farmyard. I am ashamed to say I did not prepare the hole for my Dawn Cypress as I ought to have done. The soil is stiffish and full of broken stone—oolitic limestone. The hole was dug, a few sods of rough turf were thrown in and covered with some of the soil which had been taken out, the largest of the pieces of stone were removed, the hole filled up and the young tree planted. No after-care except to keep the surrounding grass in its place, and a summer mulch of compost to keep in moisture. The tree has grown well and healthily, but not nearly as fast as the one in my son's garden, which is in a bed of light and really encouraging loam.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/6 Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months no extras
Great Britain and Eire	£ 7 12 0	£ 3 18 6	£ 3 14 0
Canada	7 0 6 (or \$19.50)	3 12 6 (or \$10.50)	3 8 0 (or \$10.00)
U.S.A.	\$22.50	\$11.50	\$11.00
Elsewhere abroad	7 14 6	3 19 6	3 15 0

ORDERS TO: SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT (LN), INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.



IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S CURRENT EXHIBITION : AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH OF AN EASTERN WATER DRAGON.

A striking photograph displayed at the Royal Photographic Society's Autumn Exhibition of Nature Photography this year is that of the Eastern Water Dragon taken by Edward R. Rotherham. The Exhibition is at 16, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7, where it continues until December 20, and is open from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. each weekday, and until 5 p.m. on Saturdays. (The Exhibition is closed on Sundays.) The opening of the Exhibition at the end of November was performed by Mr. David

Attenborough, who is well known to television audiences and who has recently returned from an expedition to New Guinea, where he has been seeking new forms of wild life for presentation on television. Mr. Attenborough, besides being a noted naturalist, is also a keen photographer. The Eastern Water Dragon is a species of lizard of the Eastern hemisphere and is largely aquatic. It haunts the banks of streams and rapidly takes to the water if disturbed.



SQUIRREL NUTKIN TO THE LIFE: AN ENGAGING ANIMAL STUDY IN A CURRENT LONDON PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

The Royal Photographic Society's current exhibition of Nature Photography is an attraction not only to all those who are interested in the art of photography but to all animal-lovers. The exhibits show strange creatures from distant lands as well as familiar animals, such as the squirrel in this photograph, which looks as if it had stepped from a page in one of Beatrix Potter's books. This engaging animal study, simply entitled "Young Squirrel," is the work of Mr. Ronald Thompson, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S. The

Exhibition, which consists of prints, transparencies and stereoscopic work, in monochrome and colour, includes a panel of prints by Mr. Oliver Pike, an Honorary Fellow of the Society, who has reached his eightieth year and his fiftieth year of membership of the Society, and who is generally acclaimed as the doyen of nature photographers. After the London showing the whole exhibition is to go to Exeter, where it will be shown from January 6 to February 1, in the Royal Albert Memorial Museum.

THE GREAT NEWLY-DISCOVERED MOSAIC FLOOR OF QASR EL-LEBIA EXPLAINED IN DETAIL.



A STRANGE BLEND OF CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN, BESTIARY AND ALEXANDRINE SUBJECTS: A MOSAIC RICH IN HISTORICAL INFORMATION AND SOCIAL COMMENT.

KEY TO THE INDIVIDUAL PANELS: (1) a deer and fruit tree; (2) *Kosmesis* (adornment), a female figure with a rose and censer; (3) a building symbolising the town, *Polis Nea Theodorias* (The City New Theodorias); (4) *Ktisis* (foundation), a female figure holding a wreath and a scroll (perhaps the new city's charter); (5) a couchant deer; (6) a Nile scene of waterfowl, lotus and fish; (7) *Geon*, a river god, usually taken as the Nile; (8) *Ananeosis* (renewal), a bejewelled female figure in a curtained canopy; (9) *Physon*, another river god, perhaps the Danube; (10) another Nile scene of waterfowl, lotus and fish; (11) a stag devouring a serpent, a strange scene which is, however, found elsewhere in Cyrenaica; (12) a lion; (13) an eagle preying on a calf; (14) another lion; (15) a stag browsing;

(16) a bear; (17) the river god *Euphrates*; (18) the nymph *Kastalia* of Delphi, an unusual pagan figure in a Christian mosaic; (19) the river god *Tigris*; (20) a duck perched on a curiously humped crocodile; (21) a bull; (22) a striped beast, perhaps a zebra; (23) an inscription recording that the mosaic was laid in the third year of an Indiction by Bishop Makarios (i.e. 539 A.D.); (24) another zebra; (25) another bull; (26) two fish and a spiral shell; (27) a horseman, perhaps a courier; (28) a pillared church façade, with tasselled curtains between the columns; (29) a horse; (30) another version of the Nile scene; (31) an ostrich; (32) a turreted castle with a single door, Cyrenaica had many such; (33) a peacock; (34) two turkey-like birds with a vase; (35) another ostrich; (36) three fish and a lobster; (37) a satyr,

another astonishing feature in a Christian mosaic; (38) a musician with his dog, under a tree; (39) a leopard with neatly grouped spots; (40) a merman with a tiller and a trident, spearing a fish. Crab's claws rather strangely protrude from his abdomen; (41) a crab, a fish and a squid; (42) a basket and four birds; (43) a horned animal grazing; (44) a ram; (45) an amphibious monster; (46) three fish and, perhaps, a sea-urchin; (47) another amphibious monster with a conch; (48) the panel of the greatest intrinsic interest. It shows one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Pharos or Lighthouse of Alexandria, foreshortened to show the bronze statue of Helios, pointing to what may be the great iron mirror. Across the water is another statue, not certainly identified; (49) a ship; (50) a group of fish.

THE FINEST CHRISTIAN MOSAICS IN LIBYA, IN PERFECT CONDITION AND WITH A UNIQUE PICTURE OF THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA.

By RICHARD GOODCHILD, M.A., F.S.A., Controller of Antiquities, Cyrenaica, Libya.

LAST spring some Arab labourers, engaged on an American-sponsored development programme at Qasr el-Lebia, a small rural centre some fifty miles west of Cyrene, dug for building stone in some low mounds marking the site of an ancient village. Their work exposed part of a well-preserved mosaic floor, which came to the notice of Mr. Robert Sweet, the engineer in charge of the project, and was duly reported to the Department of Antiquities.

During the past summer and autumn the Department has carried out a fuller exploration, with the aid of a special grant from the Libyan Development Agency, which administers part of the British subsidy to Libya. This campaign has brought to light the ruins of a Byzantine church of the sixth century A.D., containing the finest and most interesting set of Christian mosaics yet found in Libya.

Qasr el-Lebia, generally known to-day as "Castle Libya," more probably derives its name from ancient *Olbia*, a small village community of the Pentapolis, and the seat of a Bishopric in the Byzantine period. It was a place of very minor importance, the only recorded episode in its history being a visit by Synesius (early fifth century A.D.) when that man of letters held the Metropolitan see of Ptolemais and was called on to confirm an episcopal election at *Olbia*. To-day the only building standing at Qasr el-Lebia is a Byzantine church which, after adaptation by the Italians as a colonial fortress, serves now as a school and *madriyya* for the semi-nomadic Dorsia tribe.

The new discoveries have not, however, taken place in this long-known ancient building, but in the low mounds adjoining it; and they show that by the sixth century A.D. *Olbia* could boast at least two churches. From a purely architectural viewpoint the newly-found church is a modest construction. It has its apse on the west (as frequently found in North Africa) and the aisles were separated from the nave by arcades of which only the bases survive. The walls were constructed of roughly-squared stones set in mud, the appearance and stability of the building depending mainly on the plaster rendering. Within this rather shoddy framework of walls, the size and beauty of the mosaics stand out with exceptional brilliance.

Of the three mosaics so far brought to light (and others are known to exist in adjoining rooms not yet excavated), the largest occupies the eastern half of the nave, close to the entrance porch. It measures 35 by 20 ft., and instead of bearing a unitary pattern, is divided up into fifty equal-sized square panels separated by guilloché borders. These panels depict a wide range of subjects, some of which seem to belong to the pagan rather than the Christian world: the majority were probably taken from contemporary pattern-books, but a few must have been specially designed to meet the circumstances of the church's construction.

A central panel in the great mosaic (No. 23 in the panorama above) contains a Greek inscription within a wreath. It records that the floor was laid in the third year of an Indiction by Bishop Makarios. Another panel (No. 3) in the centre of the upper margin depicts a conventional city gateway, with the caption "The new city, Theodorias," and flanking it are personifications (Nos. 2, 4 and 8) of *Kosmesis* (adornment), *Ktisis* (foundation) and *Ananeosis* (renewal). Thus the laying of the mosaic, and probably the whole construction of the church itself, which seems to be of the same period—was part of a programme of embellishing *Olbia* and renaming it in honour of Theodora, wife of the Emperor Justinian. Year 3 of the Indiction would therefore correspond to A.D. 539.

The three personifications just referred to are of exceptional interest. *Kosmesis* and *Ktisis* are represented as draped women standing between trees: the former holds a rose and a censer, the latter a wreath and a scroll (perhaps the new city's charter). *Ananeosis*, however, presents only her head and shoulders inside a curtained canopy: she appears to be taking fruit from a basket, and wears her jewellery. The latter fact argues against the otherwise attractive hypothesis that the curtained structure is a baptismal tank, and that "renewal" is meant here in a spiritual sense. Beside and below *Ananeosis* are four panels (Nos. 7, 9, 17 and 10) depicting naked river-gods reclining on overturned water-jars. They bear their names, *Geon*, *Physon*, *Tigris* and *Euphrates*, and represent

the Four Rivers of Paradise. *Geon* (identified with the Nile) is bearded and holds a sistrum; the other river-gods are more juvenile. Between *Tigris* and *Euphrates* we find, rather surprisingly, the water-nymph *Kastalia* (No. 18), likewise unclad. Since she represents the prophetic spring of Delphi, and has nothing to do with Paradise, her presence here calls for explanation. It seems, however, that the Four Rivers were sometimes, in early Christian thought, identified with the four Gospels; and if that is the case here, *Kastalia* may symbolise the uncanonical, pagan, testimony to Christ. Possibly the Cyrenaicans of the sixth century A.D. still clung to the traditions of the part played by Delphi in Cyrene's foundation over twelve centuries earlier.



"THE FINEST AND MOST INTERESTING SET OF CHRISTIAN MOSAICS YET FOUND IN LIBYA": THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED AND MAGNIFICENTLY PRESERVED MOSAIC FLOOR IN THE SMALL CHURCH OF QASR EL-LEBIA, SEEN IN A GENERAL VIEW.

This magnificent mosaic, of very great intrinsic interest as well as beauty, is shown in detail in the panorama above. It has now been walled in and roofed over and it lies about a mile north of the Libyan Federal Highway and may well become a tourist centre. The work of excavation and consolidation was supervised by Messrs. Naim Makhoul and Yusef Sabir, of the Department of Antiquities.

Equally unusual, in a Christian context, are the representations of a Satyr (No. 37) and a Merman (No. 40). The latter holds a rudder-oar over his shoulder and is spearing a fish: it should be noted that in addition to arms and fish-tail, he possesses a pair of crab's claws springing from his abdomen. Everyday life is represented by a shepherd (No. 38) seated on a rock playing his lute, with a dog beside him, and his dinner-pot hung on a near-by tree. Despite the rusticity of the scene the musician uses a plectrum. Another scene (No. 27) shows a horseman wearing cross-straps and perhaps a pouch: as he has no weapons, he is probably to be interpreted as a courier.

Most interesting of all is the panel (No. 48) depicting, as its caption tells us, "the Lighthouse." This *Pharos* must surely be the famous one of Alexandria, one of the wonders of the ancient world, although the artist has foreshortened its structure in order to make space for an enormous statue on its summit. The latter, coloured dark green, to show that it is of bronze, represents a naked Helios with a downward-pointed sword in his right hand. Below the sword is a semi-circular object coloured differently from the lighthouse itself (blue, white and black instead of yellow). Can this be a structural cupola, or might it conceivably represent the famous iron mirror which reflected the light of the fires on the lighthouse summit? Across the water from the *Pharos* island, and surmounting some structure or hill on the mainland, is depicted a second naked colossus of bronze. Its right hand is outstretched palm upwards, but there are no certain attributes to identify it. Could it have been the statue that stood on "Pompey's Pillar" in the Serapeum, or is it some less well-known monument of ancient Alexandria? At all events the appearance of this *Pharos* at the foot of this great mosaic seems almost a certificate of its Alexandrian workmanship, and this conclusion is supported by the evidence of a smaller mosaic also found at Qasr el-Lebia.

This second mosaic occupies a small room at the east end of the north aisle of the church, and is equally well-preserved and vivid in colour. Its border presents a panorama of plants and beasts, with a lively hunting scene in one corner. Held on leash by their master are two hounds which are straining after three foxes, one of which has already entered a burrow, from which its head alone appears. In the centre of the mosaic is a rectangular panel presenting a Nilotic scene. On the left is a crocodile with its jaws firmly embedded in the head of a cow which is trying to pull into the river. The cow's owner hangs on to its tail, while the right-hand part of the panel shows figures fishing from a small boat. The theme of crocodile, cow and human must evidently have been a favourite one with the mosaic artists of Alexandria, for another example, much damaged, was found only two years ago at Cyrene, in the sixth-century mosaic floors of the Cathedral.

Three inscriptions adorn this mosaic. Two of them are religious acclamations, invoking the protection of God and referring to martyrs. The third records the laying of the mosaic, again in the third year of an Indiction, but by "the new Bishop, Theodore." Since the style of the second mosaic closely resembles that of the nave, there can be little doubt that the two are contemporaneous, and both belong to the same Indiction year. Therefore we must suppose that Bishop Makarios died while the work was still in progress and that his successor Theodore saw to the completion of the work. Indeed there are some indications, not yet fully investigated, that the tomb of Makarios lay within the church.

The third mosaic at Qasr el-Lebia is of minor interest and its dedicatory inscription is fragmentary. It lies close to the apse and forms the floor of the sanctuary, surrounding the surviving base of the altar-table. On it are depicted jewelled crosses, flanked by deer and other beasts. A very similar altar mosaic has been found this spring at Cyrene in a newly-excavated church.

The new Christian mosaics at Qasr el-Lebia have a historic interest over and above their intrinsic beauty and the variety of their designs. If a small rural community like *Olbia*-Theodorias could decorate its church in this manner, sixth-century Cyrenaica must have been less poverty-stricken than has been generally assumed by historians. Although the adoption of a name honouring the Empress might seem to indicate some special imperial benefaction, it must be noted that there is no mention of this locality in the list of Justinian's constructions compiled by Procopius.

The church itself is the sixth to be excavated in Cyrenaica, two having been unearthed during the Italian régime, and four since the world war; but it is the first village church to be explored, the others being in the great cities of the Pentapolis. At least a score of other rural church-sites have recently been identified in Cyrenaica, and it is now known that a number of villages had, like *Olbia*, two churches, one of which was usually a building strongly-fortified to serve as a place of refuge in days of invasion.

It is perhaps too much to hope that all these churches will yield to their future explorers mosaics of the quality and interest of those found at Qasr el-Lebia; but some at least may do so, and thus add further to our knowledge of the Alexandrian school of mosaic workers, who seem to have been extensively employed in Byzantine Cyrenaica, but whose works in Egypt itself have mainly perished.



NATURE'S WONDERLAND, SERIES II.

is seen in its most spectacular form on a still and warm summer's evening when one solitary chrysalis after another materialises from the distant haze, comes clearly into view overhead, and loses itself again in the haze beyond. This is but one example of the many ways in which animals move in formation. They move in columns, schools or phalanxes, but however diverse these may be they seem to have a common origin in the avoidance of loneliness. Biological loneliness can be as distressing to the individual animal as social loneliness can be to the human individual. A simple expression of it is seen when a mirror is put into an aquarium in which a solitary fish is living. That individual will spend long periods of time lying alongside its own image. This may be one of the root causes why

members of a community keep near each other, whether in the orderly ranks of schooling fishes or in the less orderly ranks of a herd of cattle. The tendency is stronger in some species than in others, but where the tendency is strong it does give distinct advantages in living. Birds flying in company have more protection from predators for even birds of prey are aware that there is strength in numbers. The same principle holds for other animals: it is the stragglers that stand the greater chance of being picked off. This banding together, whether in a long line, in a phalanx or other formation, is particularly valuable on migration, sheer numbers dazzling a would-be attacker, thereby giving the maximum security to the main body. The strength of this impulse reaches what is to us

an absurd length in the processional caterpillars that continue to follow-my-leader when the head of the procession is joined to the tail so that the company moves interminably in a circle. In most species, however, an obvious benefit results, not only in keeping the members of a community together, but in enabling them to combine or defend as in the well-known examples of the musk-ox and zebra. The tendency to keep together or follow-my-leader is especially effective in keeping young animals following the mother, as in the caravanning of young shrews, which, in moments of alarm, have been seen to move off in single file with the mother at the head, each grasping the one in the front by the fur at the root of the tail.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

N.B.—Do not cut along the left-hand edge of this page, but unfold the Panorama overleaf.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FOR a year-and-a-half *Jennie*, the genet, has had a room all to herself. Through its window, open except in cold weather, she can wander outside. The room was not large as rooms go, but then, she is only the size of a half-grown cat and much more slender. It is true, also, that her outdoor quarters are limited in all directions by a wire-mesh, but the hedge has pushed its twigs through the meshes, while the brambles and honeysuckle have grown up to meet the branches lashed across for her to run over. It approximates very closely, therefore, to a natural habitat. Altogether, she had something near the best of two worlds, one indoors and the other outdoors.

Jennie never has been hand-tame, and to raise your hand anywhere near her neat and graceful presence is to be met by a fine display not of temper, but of simple aggression. She bares her teeth and lays her whiskers along the sides of her head, at the same time hissing vigorously. These are only the preliminary signs. Provoke her further and the hairs of the dark band along her back are raised in a crest from head to tail. Simultaneously, her long tail, marked with black and white rings and slender in her quiet moments, bristles like a bottle-brush, while from somewhere inside her comes an amplified version of a cat's purring, nearer to the sound of a kettle boiling.

We do not deliberately provoke her, but there are times when we must put a hand near her—as, for example, when putting her food-bowl down in its appointed place. Often, if she is more hungry than usual, she will run towards this spot when you take her food in and station herself there ready to feed. Then, as your hand comes towards her, a necessary manoeuvre since she is there first, she bares her teeth, hisses and shows her other signs of aggression. On such occasions, even when the hand has been withdrawn, leaving the food-bowl in position, she continues her kettle-boiling while eating.

Graceful as a ballerina, agile, supple and muscular, it is as though all her nervous tissues and energy are used to serve her physical self, with none left for intelligence. At any rate, she has never learned to discriminate between the hand raised in offence—not that we have ever raised a hand offensively—and one bringing her food. In short, she is as beautiful as a dream and almost as senseless.

This does not mean that she is wholly reprehensible. One has only to stand for a while within her domain—keeping the hands still, of course—and in a very short while she will have jumped or climbed on to your shoulders. Then she will rub her flanks against the back of your head and gently inspect your ears and lips with her delicate nose. The line between this endearing show of affection and the display of aggression is a very thin one. Raise your hand suddenly and the likelihood is that she will stretch her long neck and strike in a snake-like manner with her teeth.

Recently, a small space was needed for another purpose, and there was no other solution to our problem than to take part of *Jennie's* room. It was unfortunate, too, that this necessitated taking that part of the room containing the cupboard on the top of which her sleeping-box was situated. Not more than a third of the total room was taken from her, however. A wooden framework with a door was erected across the room, and over this was stretched the usual wire-mesh. Her view was therefore unobstructed, so that even if she could not now wander freely where she had previously been able to do, she could still look upon it. We moved everything with which she

A GENET DISPOSSESSED.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

had been familiar into her new territory, and her sleeping-box was sited at the same height as before and in a similar position.

It would probably have been better, had that been possible, to move the genet to entirely new quarters. She would have been upset at first, no doubt, but in time she would have settled down, making every corner of the new quarters her own. She would, we may suppose, have forgotten in due course all about her previous home.



"AS BEAUTIFUL AS A DREAM AND ALMOST AS SENSELESS": *JENNIE*, WHO IS ABOUT 15 INS. LONG WITH A TAIL OF THE SAME LENGTH. THE GENET (*GENETTA GENETTA*) RANGES FROM SOUTHERN EUROPE TO THE CAPE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

As things stand, *Jennie* appears not to have forgiven us and remains seemingly resentful.

To speak of an animal withholding forgiveness, or of showing resentment, may shock the purists, but that is what it looks like. Nevertheless, it is not easy to set forth the evidence for this in detail or convincingly. One is tempted to say that she obviously looks resentful, but this may be subjective, so we must look for more solid arguments. The first is that from the time the partition was put up, *Jennie* was markedly more "touchy." Whereas previously one could go into her room and be treated either with complete indifference or with some show of interest if not affection, now merely to step into her territory may call forth her hissing and kettle-boiling. This could be largely because her changed circumstances, bringing a sense of unfamiliarity, have induced in her a feeling of disquiet, putting her on the defensive. Even so, it has persisted for a longer time than one would have thought necessary for her to become familiar with her surroundings.

Another symptom of this supposed resentment lies in the habit she has developed, when not outdoors, of stationing herself at the foot of the partition and spending long periods of time looking into the territory she has lost. Here, also, the evidence of the eye cannot easily be put into words, except to say that, as she gazes through the wire of the partition, she wears an air of dejection, almost of melancholy and longing. Then, if one enters through the door of the partition, she hisses, boils, or strikes with the teeth at one's shoes to a degree much more marked than we had noticed before. It is as if she identifies her loss of territory with those of us who were responsible for it, and more especially does she show this displeasure when she is stationed in the area bordering the partition which cuts her off from her former haunts.

It is difficult enough to analyse with certainty the emotions and intentions of our fellow-men. We may suspect that somebody refuses to forgive and still resents some action on our part. It is another matter to be sure of it. Even if we question that person about it, his answers may not represent a statement of absolute truth; and even he may not be able to say, if he is really honest, whether or no he still resents and refuses to forgive. So, in our estimate of such a situation as between two human beings, we have to be content with the overall impression we gain from what we see. In the situation I have described, involving a genet, the chances of being more precise and of reaching absolute truth are even more slender. Having watched this situation over a period of several months, I can only say that the genet reminds me of how we behave if dispossessed of something which we can still see, or of how nations behave when they have lost a strip of territory to a neighbour.

Even if it is not permissible to speak of a genet in terms of showing forgiveness or resentment, the incident emphasises how strong is the territorial instinct. An animal may have taken over more space than is necessary for living, yet it will fight to retain the whole. Deprived of even a corner of this, the impulse remains to take the first opportunity to recover it. Whatever the processes are that foster this impulse, they must in an intensified form come remarkably near to what we mean by resentment.



"SHE BARES HER TEETH AND LAYS HER WHISKERS ALONG THE SIDES OF HER HEAD, AT THE SAME TIME HISsing VIGOROUSLY": *JENNIE*, THE GENET WHOSE BEHAVIOUR, AFTER HER LIVING QUARTERS WERE CUT DOWN IN SIZE, IS DISCUSSED BY DR. BURTON ON THIS PAGE.

AUSTRALIA'S BUSH FIRES: DEVASTATION AT LEURA AND WENTWORTH FALLS.



BURNT OUT IN THE BUSH FIRE WHICH DEVASTATED LEURA: THE RUINS OF THE CHATEAU NAPIER, A FIFTY-ROOM GUEST HOUSE.



AT LEURA: AN AERIAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE HOMES WHICH WERE DESTROYED. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE BURNT-OUT GUEST HOUSE.

The most devastating bush fires in the history of New South Wales destroyed more than 150 buildings in the Blue Mountains on December 2. Worst hit was the little town of Leura, 60 miles west of Sydney, where hundreds of people were left homeless after the fire destroyed over 100 homes in addition to seven shops, two churches, two schools, a private hospital and a fifty-room guest house. The fire was swept along by a 60 m.p.h. wind. Although so many buildings were destroyed, there were no reports of fatal casualties. Despite desperate efforts to check the flames, the fire swept on



THE REMAINS OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT LEURA. THE TEACHERS AND CHILDREN ESCAPED SAFELY AS THE FIRE APPROACHED.



AT WENTWORTH FALLS: A HOUSE ABLAZE DURING THE CONFLAGRATION WHICH SWEEPED THROUGH THE TOWN AFTER IT HAD DEVASTATED LEURA.



LESS THAN SIXTY MILES FROM SYDNEY: A HOUSE ON FIRE IN WENTWORTH FALLS, WHERE THIRTY-SEVEN BUILDINGS WERE BURNT OUT.

to the neighbouring town of Wentworth Falls, where thirty-seven buildings were destroyed. The damage in both places is estimated at more than £A1,000,000 (about £800,000). On the previous day, December 1, four of a party of nine boys, members of a Church of England bush-walking club, were found burnt to death after they were trapped by a bush fire in the Blue Mountains. On December 3 the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman A. F. Jensen, sent £A5000 from a flood relief fund to provide immediate aid for the bush fire victims. He also opened a special appeal for bush fire relief.

THE DUKE AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW; ' AND SCIENTIFIC VISITS IN ESSEX.



(Above.)
AT THE SMITHFIELD
SHOW: THE DUKE OF
EDINBURGH ADMIRING
THE SUPREME CHAMPION
BEAST, PROSPECT OF
CHARTERHOUSE
MATHIA, AN ABERDEEN-
ANGUS STEER.

THIS year's Smith-
field Show at
Earls Court opened on
December 2 with a
record attendance,
which was immediately
beaten on the second
day. The Aberdeen-
Angus breed again pro-
vided the supreme
champion, a 14 cwt.
27 lb. steer which
fetched £1100 and was
sold to Mr. David Hen-
derson, a Kirkcaldy
butcher. The Duke of
Cornwall's Duchy
estate won two first
prizes and a very
highly-commended for
Devon cattle. The
Supreme Champion,
shown by Mr. T. Mann,
of Wigton, Cumber-
land, was bred by Mr.
Matthew Templeton.

(Right.)
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE
SMITHFIELD SHOW AT
EARLS COURT, WHICH
OPENED ON DECEMBER 2.
AS WELL AS FAT STOCK,
THERE WAS MUCH INTER-
EST IN THE NEW MODELS
OF FARM TRACTORS.



AT WARLEY, ESSEX: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE ILFORD RESEARCH LABORATORIES
HEARING ABOUT A FRACTION COLLECTOR APPARATUS.
On December 6 the Duke of Edinburgh was in Essex and visited the new laboratories of
Ilford Ltd. He later went on to visit the Farm Livestock Research Station of the Animal
Health Trust at Stock, near Chelmsford.



THE WINNER OF THE HIGHLAND BREED CHAMPIONSHIP: SHAUN OF LAGGAN, A STEER EXHIBITED
BY JOHN RAMSDEN AND SON, MYTON RIDGE, HELPERBY, YORKS.



SUPREME CHAMPION OF SMITHFIELD AND WINNER OF THE KING'S PERPETUAL CHALLENGE
CUP: MR. T. MANN'S ABERDEEN-ANGUS STEER, PROSPECT OF CHARTERHOUSE MATHIA.

FAMOUS MEN; MONEY; AND AN UNUSUAL AIRCRAFT AND ROAD ACCIDENT.



AT VICTORIA STATION: THE DUKE OF WINDSOR ARRIVING FOR A THREE-DAY PRIVATE VISIT TO LONDON ON DECEMBER 3. HE HAD TEA AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON DECEMBER 5.



SUGGESTED IN SWITZERLAND AS A POSSIBLE FORM OF INTERNATIONAL GOLD CURRENCY: "THE GREAT GOLD PIECE," SHOWING THE REVERSE (CENTRE), WHICH WOULD BE CONSTANT FOR ALL COUNTRIES, AND FOURTEEN VARIATIONS OF THE OBERSE.



"ONE LOVELY BLACK EYE": SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BRIAN BARHAM, UNDETERRED BY HIS INJURY DURING A SPARRING BOUT, CHATTING WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING THE LATTER'S VISIT TO THE ISLINGTON BOYS' CLUB ON DECEMBER 3.



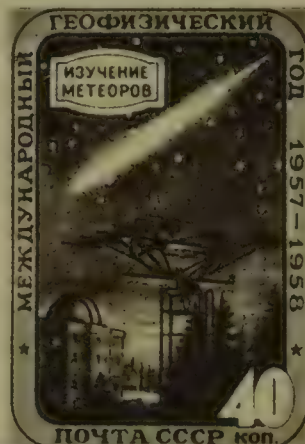
WITH ALL HER FLAPS DOWN: THE STRANGE-LOOKING U.S. ARMY/RYAN VERTIPLANE, WHICH IS DESIGNED TO TAKE-OFF AND LAND VERTICALLY AND ALSO HOVER AND FLY ON A HORIZONTAL PLANE. IT IS POWERED BY A LYCOMING T-53 GAS TURBINE.



DURING THE PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF HASTINGS: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND THE MAYOR OF HASTINGS RESPONDING TO THE CHALLENGE "WINKLE UP." On December 5 Sir Winston Churchill was presented with the freedom of Hastings—his thirty-seventh freedom of a municipality—at his London home. During the meeting Sir Winston, a member of the Hastings Winkle Club, and the Mayor of Hastings, Alderman F. T. Hussey, responded to the challenge "winkle up" by promptly producing their winkles.



ITALY'S FIRST POST-WAR SILVER COIN: A SCUDO, DUE FOR CIRCULATION NEXT EASTER, WITH A RENAISSANCE-STYLE PORTRAIT ON THE OBERSE AND THREE SHIPS, REMINISCENT OF THOSE OF COLUMBUS, ON THE REVERSE. IT IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF AN ENGLISH FLORIN.



SOVIET POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE SPACE AGE: (LEFT) A STAMP ISSUED IN SEPTEMBER TO MARK THE 1958 GEOPHYSICAL YEAR, SHOWS APPARATUS FOR STUDYING A METEOR. ANOTHER 40-KOPEK STAMP ISSUED ON NOVEMBER 5 (RIGHT) SHOWS THE SPUTNIK ITSELF CIRCLING THE GLOBE.



(Right.) AFTER A STRANGE ROAD ACCIDENT NEAR COPENHAGEN: A CAR TRANSFIXED BY A TELEGRAPH POLE WHICH WAS LOADED ON A PARKED LORRY. THE CAR WAS DRIVEN INTO THE BACK OF THE LORRY IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE. THE DRIVER'S WIFE WAS SERIOUSLY HURT.



FROM WILTSHIRE TO KNIGHTSBRIDGE: BUILDINGS AND AIRCRAFT IN THE NEWS.



AFTER AN EXPLOSION WHICH KILLED THE LANDLORD, HIS WIFE AND YOUNG SON: THE DEBRIS OF THE "RISING SUN" PUBLIC HOUSE AT BOX, WILTSHIRE.

In the early hours of December 4 an explosion (thought to have been caused by gas) demolished the "Rising Sun" public house in the village of Box. The licensee, Mr. W. Griffin, his wife and their four-year-old son, were killed. Their two-year-old daughter was badly hurt, but the other occupants of the house escaped serious injury. The inn was entirely destroyed.



UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE BRITANNIA PIER, GREAT YARMOUTH, NORFOLK: A NEW THEATRE TO REPLACE ONE DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1954. IT IS DUE TO OPEN FOR THE SUMMER SEASON IN JULY.



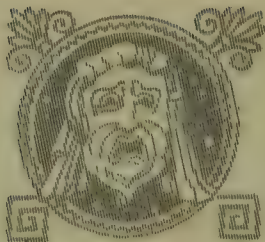
RESTORED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROFESSOR SIR ALBERT RICHARDSON: THE INTERIOR OF THE SENATE HOUSE OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, WHICH WAS BUILT BY JAMES GIBBS IN 1730. THE RESTORATION AND REDECORATION WERE BASED ON AN ACKERMAN COLOURED PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1815.



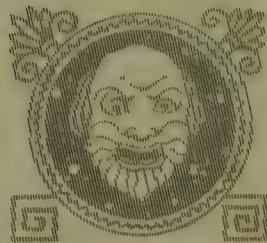
(Left.)
PRODUCING THE VULCAN JET BOMBERS FOR THE R.A.F.: AN ASSEMBLY LINE AT THE AVRO WORKS AT WOODFORD, CHESHIRE. The Avro *Vulcan*, the first jet bomber to employ the delta wing configuration, has been coming into squadron service in the R.A.F. in recent months. The first prototype flew in 1952 and after years of development, the aircraft is now in full production.

(Right.)
ON THE SITE OF TATTERSALLS, IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE: "CALTEX HOUSE," 1, KNIGHTSBRIDGE GREEN, WHICH HOUSES THE HEADQUARTERS OF CALTEX IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND ALSO NEW OFFICES FOR TATTERSALLS. IT WAS BUILT BY SIR ROBERT McALPINE AND SONS, AND THE ARCHITECT IS MR. W. J. BIGGS.





THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



PIOUS AND IMPIOUS.

By ALAN DENT.

BRUISED and buffeted by the four hours (including short intermission) of Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments," I came away with the strong conviction that I ought to be feeling awed rather than stunned. In a piece of self-communing (which lasted exactly as long as it takes to cross Waterloo Bridge on foot), I decided that this was probably my own fault. So much sincerity—and so many millions of dollars—had gone towards the film's making that it must surely be mean and unworthy of me to be thinking that a great deal of the research was time wasted, a great deal of the outlay sheer extravagance, and even a great deal of the sincerity a poor substitute for a little pinch of æsthetic imagination.

Why, for example, bedizen actresses with genuine Egyptian silks, cut in the authenticated fashion of olden time, and trick them out with beryl and chalcedony and other gems of the period, if they are still going to look and sound and move just like any Hollywood actresses of to-day or yesterday? Why choose popular and expensive actors like Yul Brynner for Pharaoh and Edward G. Robinson for Dathan, "the unholy one," when much less-known and much less-idiosyncratic actors would obviously be vastly more impressive? "This King of Egypt was that King of Siam in the jolly musical," murmurs the audience all round us, and it is a wicked pleasure to imagine that Mr. Robinson's Dathan is himself murmuring: "Holy mackerel!" when the Red Sea divides to let the people go across into the land of promise.

Fundamentally, Mr. DeMille is at fault in failing to realise that *simplicity* is an integral and essential part of the treatment of any Scriptural subject. John Bunyan and a certain anonymous Dutch writer knew this instinctively when they respectively wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" and the miracle-drama called "Everyman." Hector Berlioz, a French composer of most subtle mind, knew this when he startled his listeners—and startles them still—by achieving a perfect simplicity in his only sacred oratorio, "The Childhood of Christ." William Blake knew this, too, and so did Michael Angelo and so did Johann

spectacle, but filled with the spirit of truth—that it will bring to its audience a better understanding of the real meaning of this pattern of life that God has sent down for us to follow—that it will make vivid to the human mind its close relationship to the Mind of God." Mr. DeMille's intentions, in short, are genuinely pious, whatever

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



CHARLTON HESTON AS MOSES IN CECIL B. DEMILLE'S "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Almost alone in the colossal cast of 'The Ten Commandments,' the young actor chosen for the all-important part of Moses, Charlton Heston, impresses one with complete and utter sincerity of purpose. Better-known and, come to that, more accomplished players, surround him on every side. But he differs from almost all the others in having a dedicated air, an obviously genuine desire to sink himself in the great character. His is a presentation rather than a performance."

we may think of his fulfilment. And it is fair to add that he has forsworn "all monetary gain" in the process of making the present version.

The acting, oddly enough, reminds me of the theory and practice of Miss La Creevy in "Nicholas Nickleby"—a miniature painter who saw only two kinds of expression in her subjects, the Serious and the Smirk. Almost everybody in the film chooses the latter form. Only Mr. Charlton Heston, who has been given the all-important Moses, has never any hint of a twinkle in his eye or of a smile at the corner of his finely-cut lips. Mr. Heston, in fact, gives a quite moving performance. To him alone Mr. DeMille has obviously succeeded in conveying some of his own piety. Almost all the others have an inescapable air of rather enjoying themselves, even during the Plagues; and the women are particularly unimpressive. Spectacularly, as goes almost without saying, the film is pulverisingly splendid—the one slightly jarring note being the Avenue of Sphinxes in Egypt—where the face of each sphinx is closely modelled upon the features of Yul Brynner. This is, of course, intentional but it is also, unfortunately, funny.

To turn from "The Ten Commandments" to "The Story of Mankind" is to turn from the pious to the impious. This is another extremely wasteful film. But, unlike "The Ten Commandments," it cannot really be meant seriously, though it is based on a solemn digest of history by Hendrik Van Loon which is said to be the third best-seller of all time after the Holy Bible and Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind"! What are we to make of a film which begins with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the Most High, deciding, in Hollywood's cotton-woolly idea of Heaven, that Mankind must be given another chance before he blows up his little planet with his Super H-Bomb? Of a film which proceeds to give us a cavalcade of the world's history in which, among many other astonishing phenomena, Harpo Marx plays the harp and Sir Isaac Newton, Hedy Lamarr is glimpsed as Joan of Arc, and Reginald Gardiner's Shakespeare reads the bard's most patriotic pieces to Agnes Moorehead's Queen Elizabeth? Of a film in which Ronald Colman as Adam and Vincent Price as the Prince of Darkness



A MEMORABLE EVENT AS SEEN IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS": MOSES (CHARLTON HESTON; RIGHT) AND SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS AT THE FIRST PASSOVER. (LONDON PREMIERE: PLAZA, NOVEMBER 28.)



"IT CANNOT REALLY BE MEANT SERIOUSLY, THOUGH IT IS BASED ON A SOLEMN DIGEST OF HISTORY": WARNER BROS. "THE STORY OF MANKIND"—A SCENE WITH HARPO MARX AS SIR ISAAC NEWTON. (LONDON PREMIERE: WARNER THEATRE, NOVEMBER 21.)

Sebastian Bach in their different parts of the heavens. But Mr. DeMille doesn't or won't, and continues to make and re-make "The Ten Commandments" wholeheartedly and with a maximum amount of over-elaboration. His sincerity is not in question. It is only the taste behind his enthusiasm which one must take leave to argue about. He has uttered and printed and sent to all his critics a long statement of his creed which contains manifestly honest sentences like this one: "What I hope for our production is that those who see it shall come from the theatre not only entertained and filled with the sight of big

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT" (Generally Released; December 9).—A small but neat, effective, disturbing British film showing the heavy consequences of a light-hearted little bit of smuggling. Delightfully played by Sylvia Syms and Tony Britton.

"THE THREE FACES OF EVE" (Generally Released; December 2).—A big and much more disturbing American film about schizophrenia, with Joanne Woodward acting powerfully as a female Jekyll and two Hydes.

"PRIVATE'S PROGRESS" and "THE BABY AND THE BATTLESHIP" (Generally Released; December 2).—Two of the wittiest and funniest British films of recent months, one military and one naval, now to be seen in the same breezy programme.

both stand grinning and commenting facetiously at all these events and many more?

The only answer I can give to all these questions is the same that, in effect, all my colleagues have given—Dunno! As a kind of climax in its remotest history we see the Ten Commandments again, being received by the veteran Francis X. Bushman disguised as Moses. At this juncture the Prince of Darkness remarks: "And the human race has been breaking them ever since they received them!" It is this excruciating film's one unexceptionable and indisputable statement.

THE BANK RATE LEAK ALLEGATIONS TRIBUNAL: LEADING PERSONALITIES AND WITNESSES.



CHAIRMAN OF THE TRIBUNAL INQUIRING INTO THE ALLEGED LEAKAGE OF INFORMATION ABOUT AN INCREASE IN BANK RATE: LORD JUSTICE PARKER, WHO HAS BEEN A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL SINCE 1954.



REPRESENTING THE CROWN AT THE TRIBUNAL: SIR REGINALD MANNINGHAM-BULLER, Q.C., THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, WHO OPENED THE PROCEEDINGS ON DECEMBER 2.



ARRIVING AT CHURCH HOUSE: MR. OLIVER POOLE, DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY ORGANISATION, WHO, WITH MR. THORNEYCROFT, WAS "ATTACKED" IN THE COMMONS IN CONNECTION WITH THE ALLEGED LEAKAGE.



A WITNESS IN CONNECTION WITH THE TRANSACTION FOR THE SALE OF £1,000,000 OF GILT-EDGED SECURITIES ON SEPT. 18: MR. H. J. YOUNG, CHIEF ACCOUNTANT OF MATHESON AND CO.



A DIRECTOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND CHAIRMAN OF MATHESON AND CO.: MR. WILLIAM J. KESWICK, WHO RECOMMENDED THE SALE OF GILT-EDGED SECURITIES ON SEPT. 17.



MR. JOHN H. KESWICK, A DIRECTOR OF MATHESON AND CO. AND BROTHER OF MR. W. J. KESWICK, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE ABOUT A CONVERSATION ON THE SCOTTISH GROUSE MOORS.



CONNECTED WITH THREE FIRMS WHICH SOLD GILT-EDGED SECURITIES THREE DAYS BEFORE THE BANK RATE INCREASE: LORD KINDERSLEY, A DIRECTOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.



QUESTIONED CONCERNING A CONVERSATION IN A TRAIN ON SEPTEMBER 25: MISS SUSAN CHATAWAY, WHO IS EMPLOYED AT THE CONSERVATIVE CENTRAL OFFICE.



MR. J. L. PUMPHREY, A CIVIL SERVANT IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE, WHO REPORTED HIS CONVERSATION WITH HIS COUSIN, MISS CHATAWAY, TO MR. GAITSKELL, THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

The Tribunal inquiring into the alleged leakage of information about an increase in Bank Rate (announced on September 19) opened at Church House, Westminster, on December 2. On November 13 the Prime Minister had announced his decision to set up the tribunal so that Mr. Thorneycroft, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Oliver Poole, Deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation, might be given an opportunity "to rebut the serious imputations." made on them in the House of Commons on

November 12. The Attorney-General, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, opened the proceedings at Church House before Lord Justice Parker, Mr. Edward Milner Holland, Q.C., and Mr. Geoffrey Veale, Q.C. On the first day witnesses representing the Press were heard, and references were made to interviews with the Chancellor of the Exchequer on September 18. Later, much evidence was heard about Stock Exchange dealings on the eve of the Bank Rate increase, and on December 9 Mr. Poole gave evidence.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE SEVEN SEAS.

The subject would hardly seem important before Trafalgar, whereas one can well imagine him sitting down to paint his simple memorial when the news arrived that the hero would never return. If this is the correct explanation, this very amateurish painting, which looks for all the world as if it were a design for a nursery embroidery (or for a Bayeux Tapestry of 1805), can be accepted as a vivid and honest piece of reporting by a contemporary witness.

As one can well imagine, a show of this kind, with so many exhibits drawn from so many sources on both sides of the Channel, is so varied that one could spend hours just browsing around. I can do no more than indicate a few of the things that happened to catch my eye in a brief half-hour. One was the prettiest and the most sentimentally romantic print of Grace Darling, shown half-length in a foliage design, a ship on one side, the

and visited by an elephant, a giraffe, some Chinese and mysterious things or persons described as "osages"—a word which my two dictionaries ignore. It must have been an event which caused some stir at the time, and could no doubt be traced in contemporary newspaper reports. The young in heart of all ages will derive a good deal of satisfaction from it: there's a man on a platform erected on the whale's back waving a Belgian flag, a procession of top-hatted gentlemen apparently issuing from the creature's mouth, horses, official cocked hats and a general air of ceremony. I've tried it on a learned man of seventy and a child of seven, and each registered delight.

More familiar are the various mid-eighteenth-century "Prospects" of various towns; how formally decorative they can be! Two good examples here are a Sheerness and a Gravesend "Prospect" by S. Buck. There are naturally

ships in plenty, covering the change from sail to steam, thrilling rescue work, lamentable disasters (the *Birkenhead*, for example), some well-known prints of naval commanders both English and French, and—among the zoo oil paintings—an anonymous portrait of a naval officer by an unknown hand in which, though the painter, through sheer incompetence, has made his sitter as wooden as the figure-head of his ship, he yet commands our respect for a certain vital magic. It is the kind of magic which untutored (or merely badly-taught) people can sometimes achieve by guess or by God rather than by taking thought. And what a gift, this innocent eye, which not one in a million possesses!

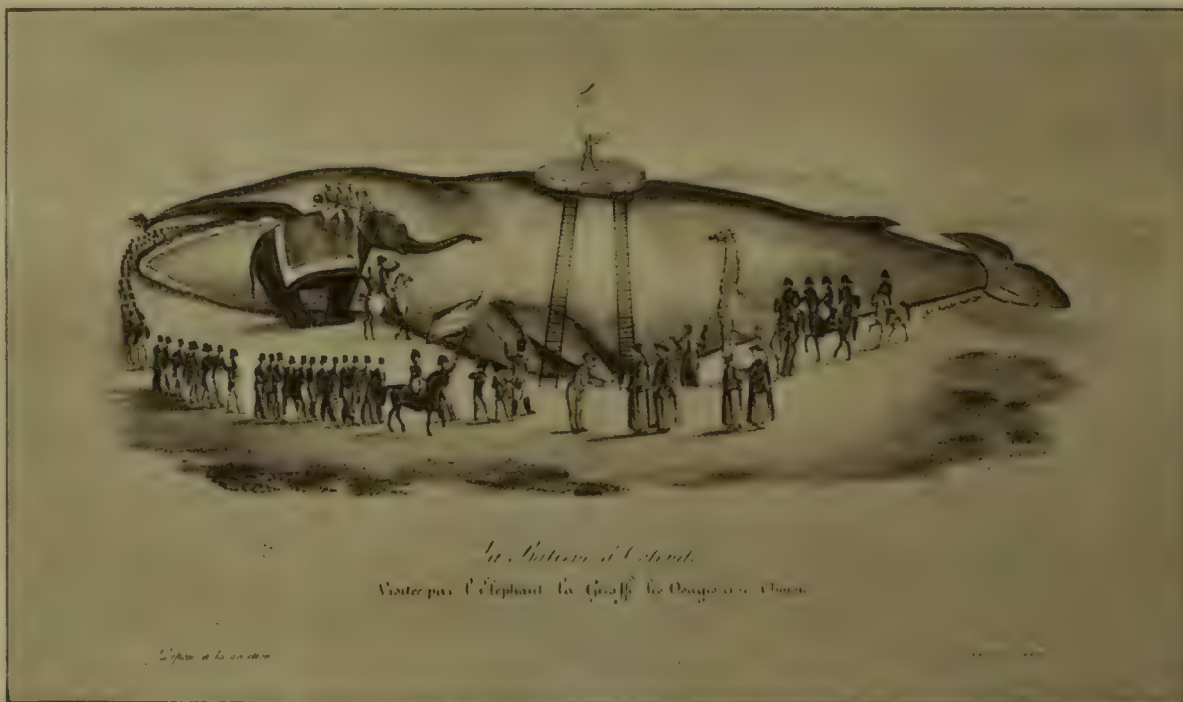


FIG. 1. "LA BALEINE D'OSTENDE, VISITEE PAR L'ELEPHANT": A FRENCH LITHOGRAPH OF ABOUT THE 1840'S IN THE REDFERN GALLERY EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES AT 20, CORK STREET, UNTIL JANUARY 25.



FIG. 2. "NELSON IN HIS CARRIAGE AT PORTSMOUTH VIEWING HIS FLEET BEFORE TRAFALGAR": AN ENTERTAINING PAINTING AT THE "VOYAGES MARINE" EXHIBITION AT THE REDFERN GALLERY WHICH FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES IN HIS ARTICLE.

For my part, the thing I liked best was the long, narrow painting of Fig. 2, carefully composed by someone whom to-day we should write off half-affectionately, half-contemptuously, as a "Sunday painter"—clearly a man of little skill and less imagination; yet oddly moving. It was found, I'm told, in a Portsmouth pub, so black that it was next to impossible to distinguish the detail. When cleaned, it came out as gay as one could wish—and something more, for one of the ships is H.M.S. *Kent*, the other H.M.S. *Victory*—and who is in the carriage with the pair of horses? The inference would seem irresistible. Some unknown, after Nelson's death, had drawn upon his memory of those last days before the Admiral embarked, and painted the fleet at anchor and Nelson being driven along the shore. A naïve tribute, but an authentic echo of the occasion, recollected in tranquillity later by someone who was present. That, at least, would be my interpretation, because it is unlikely that the painter would have attempted the picture at the time.

lighthouse on the other and beneath, in a kind of wreath of foliage, a picture of (I presume) her father and herself in a small boat. Then there's a print of the wildest storm around Captain Bullock's Safety Beacon on the Goodwin Sands by the Captain himself with the inscription: "This humble but earnest effort to save the lives of Shipwrecked Mariners of all Nations was erected 10th September 1840 under the sanction of the Rt. Hon^{ble} the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty"; and, marking the early days of steam, Hudson's print of the *Victory* Steam Yacht off Margate dedicated to "His Most Gracious Majesty King George IV The Illustrious Patron of Steam Packets"—which somehow makes that by no means lovable monarch not a remotely extravagant figure-head but almost one of us.

There are numerous whaling prints—most of them reasonably familiar—one of them an oddity (Fig. 1), a French lithograph of about the 1840's showing a whale stranded on the beach at Ostend

Prints recording various South Seas events include several of the well-known Webber series of the Sandwich islands, Captain Cook's ship and the death of Captain Cook, at Hawaii. There is T. Gosse's print, "Lt Bligh transplanting Bread-fruit trees from Otaheite," Sir Joseph Banks wearing a Maori cloak, and a print—immensely popular in its day, the 1840's—showing the reception of the Rev. Williams at Tanna. There stands the reverend gentleman on the beach in swallow-tails, one hand raised, the other holding out his top-hat, while a bevy of dusky maidens carry Mrs. Williams in flowing scarf and poke-bonnet, safely ashore through the water, to be greeted by a rejoicing multitude—the only two personages I thought who might have felt a little out of their depth at the cheerful party which inaugurated the exhibition—when the guests were regaled with the demon rum, winkles and cockles. Oh, yes, I almost forgot—the father of all sailormen was present: Noah himself, supervising the building of the Ark as seen by the engraver of the Nuremberg Chronicle.

LANDSCAPES AND PORTRAITS: OLD MASTERS EXHIBITED AT AGNEW'S.



"ROME FROM MONTE MARIO," BY WILLIAM MARLOW (1740-1813): IN THE EXHIBITION OF "RECENTLY ACQUIRED PICTURES BY OLD MASTERS" AT THOS. AGNEW AND SONS, 43, OLD BOND STREET. (Oil on canvas; 25 by 36 ins.)



"TINTERN ABBEY ON THE WYE," AN OUTSTANDING WORK BY P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A. (1740-1812), WHO WAS BORN IN STRASBOURG AND SETTLED IN LONDON IN 1771. SIGNED AND DATED, 1805. (Oil on canvas; 42 by 64 ins.)



"SAINT AMBROSE," BY P. F. MORAZZONE (1571-1626). THIS PROBABLY BELONGS TO A SERIES OF BISHOPS, OF WHICH TWO OTHERS ARE IN THE BOWES MUSEUM AT BARNARD CASTLE. (Oil on canvas; 43½ by 36½ ins.)



"COMMANDER THE HON. GEORGE GREY, R.N.," BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802): ONE OF A NOTABLE GROUP OF ENGLISH PORTRAITS IN THIS EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL DECEMBER 21. PAINTED IN 1793 WHEN THE SITTER WAS TWENTY-SIX. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MONK": AN EXPRESSIVE WORK BY B. E. MURILLO (1618-1682), WHO WAS TAUGHT BY HIS FELLOW-TOWNSMAN, VELASQUEZ. (Oil on canvas; 36½ by 26½ ins.)



"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT," BY CLAUDE LORRAINE (1600-1682). THIS WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE 1ST EARL OF IVEAGH. (Oil on canvas; 29 by 38½ ins.)

There are thirty works in the Exhibition of "Recently Acquired Pictures by Old Masters" at Thos. Agnew and Sons, Ltd., and among them there are notable groups of landscapes and portraits. The latter include "Seneca and Nero," a hitherto unrecorded Rubens of 1601 recently discovered in an English saleroom. Of the English school there are portraits by Richard Cosway, Alan Ramsay, Arthur Devis, Sir Thomas Lawrence and the Romney shown here. Other schools are represented with portraits by Aelbert Cuyp, Caspar Netscher, Pompeo Batoni, and a pair of small circular panels by Bartel Bruyn. In addition to the four outstanding landscape paintings



"LES PRISONNIERS," BY SALOMON VAN RUYSDAEL (1600-1670): A DELICATE WORK WHICH IS SIGNED AND DATED, 1660. (Oil on canvas; 23½ by 32½ ins.)

shown here there are examples by Richard Wilson and A. V. Copley Fielding. A large and impressive work by M. Hondecoeter hangs close to a big allegorical painting by Marco and Sebastiano Ricci. Both are full of magnificently-painted passages and are typical of the large decorative works still to be found in many English country houses. Among the religious paintings are "The Baptism of Christ," by Bernard van Orley, and "The Adoration of the Shepherds," by Lambert Lombard. Another important work is the large Salvator Rosa, "Pythagoras and the Fishes," which "takes a distinguished position amongst the historical pictures by this master."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THREE NIGHTS, ONE MATINEE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

HERE is a straight tale of three nights at the play, and one matinée. On the first night, at the Royal Court in Sloane Square, curtain-rise revealed the sentencing of a Negress to death for child-murder in a Southern State. I was undeterred by this, for the Court has never claimed to be simply a theatre of entertainment. It expects its playgoers to sit up and to listen.



"WHEN AN IRISH COMPANY SETS ITSELF OUT TO CHARM, IT DOES, AND THAT IS ALL ONE NEED SAY": A SCENE FROM THE "DUBLIN PIKE FOLLIES" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), SHOWING (L. TO R.) LELIA DOOLAN, DAVID KELLY AND LAURIE MORTON IN A SKIT ON AN ITALIAN FILM WITH ENGLISH SUB-TITLES CALLED "DO YOU FOLLOW ME?"

The title of the piece had puzzled me a little. It is called "Requiem for a Nun." Being less conversant than I should have been with the works of William Faulkner, the American novelist and Nobel Prize-winner, whose first play this is, I did not think of the word in an Elizabethan sense. "Nunnery," explains Professor Dover Wilson in his edition of quite another drama, "Hamlet," "was a cant word for a house of ill-fame." Yes; but why bring this up in Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi?

At the Court we learn why. But for the first half-hour or so at the première I was merely waiting on Mr. Faulkner's rack for the expected emotional torture to begin. Gradually it was borne in upon me that this writer, whatever his redoubtable qualities as a novelist, had still something to learn about theatrical exposition. In the first act he behaved like the poet's "horoscopic crab" (I do not now remember the poet's name) that "skidded, enigmatic, lateral." My only torture was in discovering just what had happened, and was happening. If I had known Mr. Faulkner's work thoroughly, and had prepared myself by a preliminary night or two in Yoknapatawpha County, everything would have been as clear as the noonday sun. It proved, alas, to be a rather foggy evening.

At the Court our progress from fog to relative clarity was not helped by the sepulchral intensity of the production (under a good director, Tony Richardson). No one in the audience dared to laugh during the entire proceedings. I agree that the dramatist never gave cause, even if I did find once or twice that the heavily doom-charged atmosphere was prompting a nervous smile.

Temple Drake, the principal character, is a woman with a past, an old favourite in the theatre. The dead child was her six-month-old daughter, smothered by a warm-hearted Negress ("a dope-fiend whore from the gutter") to save her from future woes. The Negress

is acted, with a rapt assurance of salvation, by that fine artist Bertice Reading.

The play develops into the amoral Temple's long revelation of her sultry past—beginning with a brothel (hence the title)—a narrative that puts a great strain upon the actress, Ruth Ford. She seemed to me to be too cold, an artist of distinction who depended more upon technique than on heart. Certainly, when I was out of the coils of the exposition and able to listen untrammelled, I did not find the night moving: it jarred the nerves but left me otherwise unaffected. Agreed, the drama is potentially strong. It is by a writer who, one gathers, takes a dolorous view of the decadent South, a world of mingled corruption and suffering. Faulkner says that the past is never dead: "it isn't even past." Pinero made the same point well over sixty years ago when Paula Tanqueray said: "I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate."

On to a very different matter. According to custom, I ought not to write much about the second night's play, a comedy that ended its life after five performances. Let the dead past bury its dead. And yet I have to ask, once more, what could have persuaded a management that there was a future in such sad nonsense as this. Written with wit, cut to six or seven minutes, and given a not too prominent position in an intimate revue, the material of "Royal Suite" might have sufficed. But the play lasted at the Princes for two hours and a half during which we observed some resolute acting in a singularly flacid set. The text was dire, and the company could not hide a certain lack of belief in the four parts.

I should say six parts, because James Hayter played three himself, appearing in succession as an Emperor, a President of the Republic, and a Russian dictator, all bent on experiencing the special joys of the royal suite in a Vienna hotel. Charades can be fun, but usually when they are brief and we can share in them ourselves. "Royal Suite" (by Ernest Vajda and Clement Scott Gilbert) proved to be more of a torture than any play for a long time. We could not be surprised, however we might have deprecated the violence of the expression, when the gallery's booing passed a final death sentence. I have said so much simply in astonishment that any manager could have been brought to believe that the piece would pass muster anywhere.

I reached the third night, a performance of the "Dublin Pike Follies" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, after one of those catastrophic days in which vexations trod upon each other in an impatient, maddening queue. Thanks to a gentle and tolerant host, the last hours before theatre-time were soothing, but I was not wholly in the mood for intimate revue when the Hammersmith curtain rose.

Perhaps it would have been a better evening for the Royal Court: I cannot say. Still I can report that, within ten minutes, the Irish players had disarmed me—not by any special craft in the writing (it was a very ordinary text), but by sheer overwhelming pressure of charm. When an Irish company sets itself out to charm, it does, and that is all one need say. I will not catalogue the cast (though Maureen Toal remains in the memory). It is enough to speak of the two best scenes: a note on a Saturday night in Dublin (principal impressions: the want of a corkscrew, and a lack of "integration"), and a summary of "Look Back In Anger" as it might have been rewritten by Sean O'Casey. How I wish that he had!

So we return to matters more serious: to the special R.A.D.A. matinée of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" (Duke of York's) as it was given not long ago in Oslo. Sian Phillips, as her Magda had told us, is already a fine player. Her bored, dangerous tigress was a performance that can be treated on its own merits without constant reference to the previous work of Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Jean Forbes-Robertson, and Sonia Dresdel. Miss Phillips is that rare spirit, a young player with the grand manner. Her voice is like iced satin, her mocking poise is irreplicable. She can express, too, the passion of the third act burning of the manuscript, and I was relieved to find in Una Ellis-Fermor's supple translation that the word used was "child" and not the alarming "bairn" (as a writer suggested once). Miss Phillips, at this matinée, directed by John Fernald, let Hedda die



"IT IS BY A WRITER WHO, ONE GATHERS, TAKES A DOLOROUS VIEW OF THE DECADENT SOUTH, A WORLD OF MINGLED CORRUPTION AND SUFFERING": "REQUIEM FOR A NUN" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING (L. TO R.) GOWAN STEVENS (JOHN CRAWFORD), GAVIN STEVENS (ZACHARY SCOTT) AND TEMPLE DRAKE (RUTH FORD) IN A SCENE FROM WILLIAM FAULKNER'S PLAY.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO" (Sadler's Wells).—Mozart's opera in the Douglas Seale production; conductor, Alexander Gibson. (December 17.)
 "THE WATER BABIES" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A full-length puppet version of Kingsley's story. (December 18.)
 "THE IMPERIAL NIGHTINGALE" (Birmingham Repertory).—A new Nicholas Stuart Gray fantasy, based on the Andersen story. (December 18.)
 "NEW CLOTHES FOR THE EMPEROR" (Arts).—Nicholas Stuart Gray's Andersen version, for matinées only. (December 19.)

in view of the audience—as Eva Le Gallienne, we are told, did occasionally in New York—and the change was certainly worth considering.

Hedda Gabler can never be Hedda Tesman except in name. All derives from her life as General Gabler's daughter. Here, too, is a woman with a past. If William Faulkner contemplates any revision of "Requiem for a Nun," he might do worse than take a steady course in Ibsen.

TO APPEAR IN TOM ARNOLD'S HARRINGAY CIRCUS: DORIS ARNDT AND HER TWELVE POLAR BEARS.



ON A SWING UNDER AN ARCH OF POLAR BEARS: MISS ARNDT WITH HER TEAM OF "VERITABLE ARCTIC GIANTS."



MISS ARNDT RAISING HER ARMS AT THE BEGINNING OF AN ACT: A PHOTOGRAPH GIVING AN IDEA OF THE ENORMOUS SIZE OF THE POLAR BEARS.

"CIRCUS KRONE of Munich's Twelve Polar Bears, Veritable Arctic Giants, presented by the diminutive girl trainer, Doris Arndt," is the full title given to a delightful animal act appearing for the first time with Tom Arnold's Circus at Harringay this year. During the season at Harringay, which begins on December 21, audiences will be able to see many exciting and difficult feats performed by the Polar Bears under the direction of Miss Doris Arndt, who is claimed to be the world's only female Polar Bear trainer. Other notable acts to be presented in Tom Arnold's Harringay Circus are the famous Milaiewa Troupe of the Moscow State Circus, a double-ladder act never before seen this side of the Iron Curtain, and another Russian artiste, Vera Serbina, who executes Oriental dances on a high wire. The programme also includes a group of "college-educated" chimpanzees.



THE POLAR BEARS' PICNIC: TWO MEMBERS OF THE ANIMAL TROUPE DRINKING FROM FLASKS DURING ONE OF THE ACTS.



A BEAR ON A BALL: ONE OF THE POLAR BEARS PERFORMING A DIFFICULT BALANCING ACT.



JUMPING BETWEEN TWO STOOLS: A BREATH-TAKING MOMENT AS ONE OF THE TROUPE OF POLAR BEARS LEAPS OVER MISS ARNDT.



The end to a perfect dinner—
as decreed by French Law

French Law controls the naming of the finest brandy with extreme severity. It decrees that only brandy originating from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts of Cognac may bear the proud title of *Fine Champagne*. Remy Martin produce Fine

Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac justly called the "Pride of Cognac". And it is important to you that Remy Martin make *nothing* less good. This means that when you insist on Remy Martin, you are sure to get a really fine brandy.... genuine Fine Champagne Cognac.

PRIDE OF COGNAC

REMY MARTIN

“South Africa
—by far the
best holiday of all!”
SAYS THE AIR-LINE CAPTAIN



It's a glorious country. It's got everything that makes a perfect holiday, and yet you can fly there in less than a day!

Excitement! Go to the Game Reserves and see the wild animals in their natural surroundings. There's a thrill for you. Scenery! Travel the rolling veldt, climb the mountains... you'll find magnificent, amazing scenery wherever you go. Novelty! See the native customs, dress, ceremonies and dances. Relaxation! Innumerable coast resorts, quiet or fashionable as you choose. Modernity! Visit the bustling cosmopolitan cities with their shops, stores, shows and night clubs.

Wherever you go you'll meet friendly people with a greeting as warm as the sunshine that blesses each wonderful day.



Blue skies, blue sea and golden sands.



On an ostrich farm at Oudtshoorn.

South Africa

LAND OF SUNNY CONTRASTS



Write or call for free and friendly advice about holidays in South Africa or consult your Travel Agent.

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
70 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 Tel: Grosvenor 6235. 475, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17



“Why not use my blasted rock?” SAID EUGENE MERCIER IN THE 'FIFTIES

and toasted the Ingenieurs in the champagne that was already becoming famous. “I am blasting cellars out of the chalk here at Epernay such as have never been seen before. You are constructing this railway thing from Epernay to Rheims—*morbleu*, but we can be most useful to each other!”

The new and revolutionary methods of producing high quality champagne that Monsieur Mercier had evolved

were rewarding him with millions more bottles of champagne than he could otherwise have dared to hope for.

But while Champagne Mercier's fame spread throughout the land, and every passing day swelled the demand, quick delivery became difficult. So to the Ingenieurs Eugene Mercier continued: “You will need rocks for your ballast and for your embankments. I'll promise to give you the rocks dug from

my cellars if you, in return, will let me run a branch line right into l'Etablissement Mercier.” The Ingenieurs were enchanted. “Monsieur, your idea is inspired. Let us drink to it!” Thus the shrewdness of one man benefited at once his beloved France, generations of Champagne Mercier lovers yet unborn, and—be it admitted—himself.

*Jarvis, Halliday & Company Limited,
62 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1 Tel: Whitehall 1778*



PRESENT TIME
AT
HORNE BROTHERS



A delightful slipper in the Venetian cut-away style. Flexible leather soles. Real shearling lined throughout to give it an air of luxury. In brown willow or poppy red 39/9

HORNE
BROTHERS LIMITED

415/417 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. Branches throughout London and Principal Cities

X stands for Xmas
L stands for Lenthéric.

Lenthéric

A very Happy Christmas

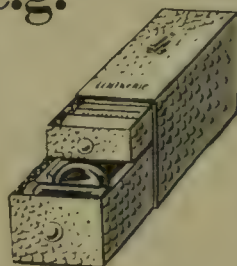


For Freshmen of all ages

Put them together and you achieve the most x-l-ent combination there is for men of action around Christmas-time.

There's certain to be a Lenthéric stockist around your area: why not step in and see the high, wide and handsome range of coffrets and Christmas packs, each one a positive guarantee of quiet, perfect grooming? It's an excellent idea. And how simple it will make your shopping—for all the men of action on your list!

e.g.



Talc, After-Shave Stick and 3 Tablets Toilet Soap 20/3



Shaving Bowl and Large After-Shave Lotion 14/9



Talc and After-Shave Stick 14/-

and many others

17 OLD BOND STREET LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK

The Grand Manner

A Longines watch combines great qualities—a beautiful, costly movement; an adamant discipline; a proud lineage, generation after generation—with the unaffected simplicity which is elegance itself.

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST
HONOURED WATCH

See the latest, loveliest Longines at your local jeweller

Sole Representatives in the United Kingdom
BAUME & CO. LTD., LONDON

PHILLIPS
BRISTOL
SHERRIES



BRISTOL MILK
(Old Golden)

BRISTOL AMBER (Medium Dry)

BRISTOL BUTT (Brown)

ROQUITA CREAM

(Pale Golden, Rich)

Order from your Wine Merchant or write to us for name of nearest stockist.

J. R. PHILLIPS & CO. LTD.,
BRISTOL, 1

Established before the
Year 1789

For a Christmas Greeting...



You can offer your guests no friendlier welcome than a glass of "Black & White". Blended in a special way from the pick of Scotland's whiskies, "Black & White" is the outstanding example of just how good Scotch Whisky can be.



'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

"BUCHANAN'S"

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers

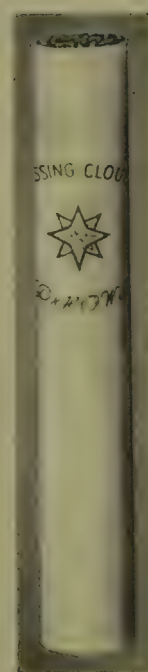


to Her Majesty The Queen
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.



Q: What is the difference between a Roundhead and a Cavalier?

A: Only Cavaliers smoke Passing Clouds



PASSING CLOUDS

The **COVAL** Cigarette

20 FOR 4/7 • 100 FOR 22/11 • MADE BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

THIS week we find ourselves in the animal kingdom—though it may well be asked whether the "brave bulls" ought to count as animals: whether they are not too sacred and specialised for inclusion, or, indeed, consumption. I confess my own instinct is to dodge them. However, one should try anything once; and for this purpose "The Matador," by Henry de Montherlant (Elek; 15s.), will do nicely. It is a work of youth—we are told the author started it at fifteen—and also a rhapsody of youth. Alban de Bricoule has all the Montherlant panache, arrogance, excess. He fell in love with bulls at Bayonne when he was thirteen or so, and abandoned himself to taurolatry and Spain-worship neck and crop. Literally, he adores the bull. He sees himself as an avatar of Mithra; indeed, he has worked it out. His geography is made up of the countries where there are bullfights—his native hemisphere—and the rest, which are a blur. Spain is naturally the Holy Land; and the holy of holies is Andalusia. Alban has aspired to it for so long; now, in his seventeenth year, he is on the way.

This pilgrim holiday has two aspects. The first—the mystique of bulls, death-dealing and Andalusia—is laid down; we know of old that the Spanish are a unique race, the fights a mystery, the death-blow a consummation. Here Alban is strictly orthodox—"May honour and long contentment be the reward of brave and pure-hearted bulls"—whom he "loves too much to be able to go very long without killing them." Yet he is also fanatically himself: very young, unsolemn, lyrically absurd, Montherlant to the backbone. This is the other side of the book—the spring of audacity and realism. Alban's first steps in his spiritual homeland are a comedy of dismay. Then he meets the bull-breeding Duke de la Cuesta, who is exactly the right idea—a wild beast cum feudal lord; and things begin to improve. The Duke has a daughter, as you might expect; and Alban, the Roman Stoic and contemner of women, suddenly finds himself horse-taming and bull-pricking for her *beaux yeux*, like any other poor fish. Forthwith he is mad about her, yet he stands her up to attend a bullfight. Soledad retorts by commanding him to fight a particular bull, the *Wicked Angel*, who makes his flesh creep. This is the old story of "The Glove and the Lion"; and our hero, mortally affronted, takes up the challenge with a view to throwing the glove in her face. However, long before his transfigured hour he has completely forgotten Soledad. The super-bullfight won't convert anyone; Alban's "dry" periods and bouts of panic are irresistible.

OTHER FICTION.

"Nor the Moon by Night," by Joy Packer (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), really does present an animal world—a new Game Reserve. Alice Lang, a young English nurse, is flying out to marry the Senior Game-Warden; or so they hope. For the last four years she has been cooped up with an incurably sick mother, dreaming of South Africa, and falling in love by correspondence; Andrew and she are kindred spirits, but complete strangers. Now comes the test. And it begins wrong; he can't meet her at Duikers' Drift. So she is inducted into the wilds by his brother Rusty, through the beauty and horror of a trek which includes ritual maiming and the shooting of a rogue elephant, besides taking her to a sinister Polish farm, a chief's kraal, the nest of a malign dwarf, the Tokoloshe, and the hut of a renowned witch, the Maker of Lions. While at the same time, Andrew is chasing the game-bandits who are the root of evil, and Alice herself is being pursued by her mother's deathbed. A solidly romantic story, with as much drama as it can take, and more than I have put in; and, of course, the animal kingdom as a background.

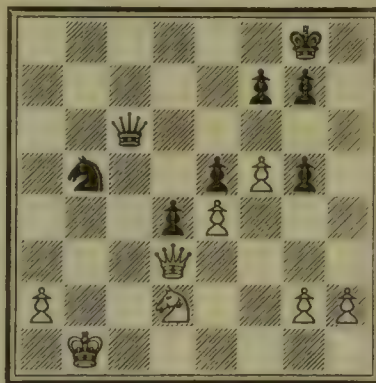
"The Cruel Cocks," by Garland Roark (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.), returns a modest echo to the brave bulls, in a homelier but less hackneyed milieu—the French-Canadian settlements of Louisiana. Young David Boutte rescues a beaten game-cock from the pile of dead bodies and keeps the life in him—promising: "M'sieu Bayley, you'll never have to fight again." But soon his charmingly shady father has other views. The "lame cock" seems to have mettle; and cock-fighting, though against the law, is very freely indulged and a potential goldmine. Thanks to the wheedling of Jean Boutte, the boy ends up as a professional cocker, and the "great Bayley" as a champion. Yet all along, through all the prosperity and excitement, David is afraid of his cock and uneasy in his conscience. Is it a cruel sport? One would say hideous: but an agreeable little story.

"Bony Buys a Woman," by Arthur Upfield (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), features the half-caste detective in another outback mystery. One morning, at the solitary homestead of Mount Eden, the housekeeper is shot dead and her little girl abducted: apparently by a hard-drinking, harmless little fellow called Ole Fren Yorky. The abos are set tracking, with no result; and then Inspector Bony takes over. He believes that Yorky may not have been the killer. He sets out, on a pair of "whitefeller Kurdaitcha shoes," over the Sea-That-Was. . . . Scarcely a "whodunit" at all, but one of his most fascinating adventures.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

(Black)

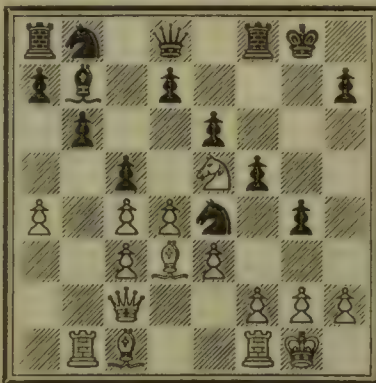


(White)

I AM withholding the identities of the players concerned in this week's two snapshots of play to the end of my Notes, for a reason as piquant as it will be obvious.

In the above position White played 39. Q-B4 and Black replied 39. . . . Kt-R6ch, 40. . . . Kt×Q.

(Black)



(White)

Here Black played

13. . . . Q-R5

White, thinking Black had stumbled, replied

14. Kt×KtP P×Kt

Not 14. . . . Q×Kt because of 15. P-B3.

Now, of course, White had intended 15. B×Kt, but sees in time that the reply 15. . . . P-Kt6! threatening mate, would put Black a piece up again.

So, thankful that apparently all is not lost yet, he plays 15. P-Kt3 Kt-Kt4!

White resigns, for if 16. P×Q, then 16. . . . Kt-R6 is mate.

One of these bits of play is from a game between Dückstein, Austria, and Troianescu, Rumania, in the World Championship Zonal Tournament at Wageningen, Holland, the other from a London Schools League match, between P. Byre (Westminster), White, and S. Reuben (William Ellis School), Black. Yes, you are right! The schoolboys' is the second.

Mr. F. A. Rhoden reports a disappointment from Hastings. Bobby Fischer, the U.S. boy prodigy, will not be there as expected, but the following players should make a Premier tournament of high calibre: M. Blau (Switzerland); S. Fazekas (British champion); P. H. Clarke and J. Penrose (England); S. Gligoric (Yugoslavia); M. Filip (Czechoslovakia); P. Keres (U.S.S.R.); N. Rossolimo (France, now U.S.A.); O. Sterner (Scandinavian champion), and G. Kluger (Hungary).

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN: FURTHER IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THIS week's collection of children's books ranges, as it should, from the airiest of fantasies to the most solid facts. Children have a rather disconcerting habit of veering from the former to the latter, often in the middle of a sentence. Nowhere is this intellectual and emotional no-man's-land better conveyed than in "The Green-Coated Boy," by Marjorie Dixon and Richard Kennedy (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.). This is the story of a brother and sister, twins aged eleven, who buy a canoe at an auction and set off down the River Shannon in search of the enchanted land of Ulphin, the Green-coated Boy, and a herd of black goats. As they go, they have the right kind of real adventures which any children might experience on a camping holiday. And when they find Ulphin, the Boy, and the rest of it, they all turn out to be real. Or are they? That is where the authors' subtle and delicate handling of the Celtic twilight may puzzle and intrigue the adult.

"This Way Delight" (Faber and Faber; 15s.)

is an anthology of poetry for children compiled by Herbert Read. Before turning to the poems themselves, I read Mr. Read's "Afterthought," in which he tells us that "poetry should be a deep delight, to be enjoyed as you would enjoy a day in spring . . . you must not even think of it as 'literature'; which is an ugly word invented by schoolmasters. Poetry is like the bird's song, but since it is sung by a human being, it has more meaning, and that meaning is given in words." I felt instinctively that I should like Mr. Read's selection, and so indeed it proved. Besides some fairly obvious choices from Shakespeare and other classics, there is a poem or two by T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas, and—just to show what can be done—one by a boy and one by a girl, each aged seven.

With "Merlin's Ring," by Meriol Trevor (Collins; 12s. 6d.), we are still in a world of enchantment. Young Felix slips back in time to the days of Merlin and Arthur of Britain. It is a good adventure story, with plenty of action and excitement, and the young reader will absorb a good deal of accurate history, dealing with a period which is not usually studied at school.

You might not think that "Children's Games," by David Holbrook (Gordon Fraser; 8s. 6d.), would have much fantasy about it, but you would be wrong. It is true that the harassed hostess at a children's party might possibly find some useful information in this book, but that is not the scholarly approach which the author demands and expects. . . . "These games are not for merely 'passing the time,' as so many present-day occupations of child and adult are: they are a serious activity, of players engaged in enacting the shapes and rhythms of life's experiences. They provide the fantasy experience of violence and fear. . . . The games exist in a complex of strict rules and taboos. . . ."

Mr. Chipperfield has retold the story of the *Titanic* disaster in "The Story of a Great Ship" (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). The author creates his dramatic effect without risking too many juvenile nightmares. "Famous Sailing Ships of the World," by Commander D. P. Capper (Muller; 9s. 6d.), begins from earliest times and ends with the ketch *Moyana*, so dramatically sunk last year. Interesting and well-illustrated.

I have also four more volumes of the "True Book" series, published by Muller: "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," by Patrick Moore (8s. 6d.); "Oil," by F. E. Dean; "Helen Keller," by Eileen Bigland; and "The Crusades," by John Thomas (7s. 6d. each). These are all worth reading, and are marvels of compressed writing. Everyone by now has heard of Helen Keller, the blind and dumb American girl who was taught to communicate with the outside world by her devoted governess, Miss Sullivan, and then won a university degree. The story is fascinatingly told by Miss Bigland, but to me the mystery remains, as something nearly miraculous. It is all too easy to be tendentious, on one side or the other, about the Crusades, but Mr. Thomas has refrained. His book is yet another good adventure story, with plenty of accurate history thrown in.

Ernest Benn are much to be congratulated on having reprinted three of E. Nesbit's classics: "The Railway Children," "Five Children and It,"

and "The Story of the Amulet" (11s. 6d. each). Mrs. Nesbit does not date at all. Her children wear the oddest clothes, go about in four-wheelers, and are tipped in sovereigns and half-sovereigns. But they are real children. Let us hope that they may live for ever.

Not being over-fond of having to face page after page of questions, to none of which am I likely to know the answers, I opened four topographical quizz-books rather doubtfully. They are "The Midlands Quizz-Book," by Tudor Edwards; "The North Country Quizz-Book," by W. H. Mason; "The Scottish Quizz-Book," by Lawrence Stenhouse; and "The London Quizz-Book," by Stuart Rossiter (Benn; 8s. 6d. each). It was not long before I found myself enthralled. Give these to any child who has been bitten by what I suppose Mr. Holbrook would call the magical and ritual symbolism of geography.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



Every man has a "double"
when it's Vat 69!

A SCOTCH OF GREAT WORTH



Highlights of the night...



good food, good wine
and the pleasure and
satisfaction of a
Churchman's No. 1.



The man with the ATKINSON TIE

He believes in the unchanging values which lie at the foundation of gracious living. His good taste is instinctive; he delights in what is worthwhile.

He knows that only experienced craftsmen using the finest natural materials can achieve perfection.



ATKINSONS ROYAL IRISH POPLIN TIES

Richard Atkinson & Co. Ltd.,
Irish Poplin House,
Belfast, N. Ireland.

Woven on handlooms since 1820
from natural silk and the finest
wool. Handcut and handtailored.

Stocked in the Austin Reed shops and in other good menswear stores. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies write to us for the name of your nearest stockists.

"There's no use talking...

TASTE IT!"



Whenever it is the time and place for a truly satisfying whisky, the discriminating man always tries to obtain Mackinlay's. He knows it is certainly the finest—and one of Scotland's oldest proprietary brands.

MACKINLAY'S

SCOTCH WHISKY

Estd. 1820

AS BLENDED BY THE MACKINLAY FAMILY FOR FOUR GENERATIONS



By Appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Wine Merchants
Geo. G. Sandeman
Sons & Co. Ltd.



Which
**SANDEMAN
SHERRY**
will you have?

DRY Apitiv: a superb dry pale fino — 21/- a bottle

MEDIUM Amontillado: a medium dry sherry — 21/- a bottle

RICH Brown Bang: a beautiful full golden Oloroso — 23/- a bottle

From the finest vineyards in Jerez, Spain, other Sandeman sherries are available from 19/- a bottle.



GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4



*The King
of Whiskies*

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
**SANDEMAN
SCOTCH
WHISKY**

Blended in Edinburgh from
specially selected fine whiskies
under the same family pro-
prietorship since 1790.

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD
25 & 27 Forth Street,
EDINBURGH

SHORTEST! FASTEST!



TO SOUTH AFRICA

FLY DC-7B

via WEST COAST ROUTE


**NOW! FIRST CLASS
AND TOURIST**

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

(In association with B.O.A.C. & C.A.A.)

Details from your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C., C.A.A. or South African Airways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2
Telephone: WHItchall 4488. For reservations 'phone VICtoria 2323.

Guinea Grain



Barling design for comfort and dentures

A splendid example of Barling genius, that combines comfort and cool smoking. The special mouthpiece and overall light weight provide the comfort; the sturdy, mellow briar bowl keeps your smoke from getting too hot.

Also available in
Standard and Sandblast Series

ALWAYS INSIST ON A

Barling

LONDON 1812

B. BARLING & SONS LTD.
Pipe makers in London since 1812



By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen.
Suppliers of Domecq Sherry. Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd.

For the discriminating palate . . .

IF you know just how good a Sherry can be . . . if you appreciate the delight of a perfect Fino, exquisite in flavour, just full enough in body, just dry enough for the most discriminating palate, there is no Sherry quite comparable with Domecq's "La Ina."

Remember, Domecq's Sherries are grown and aged in Jerez, Spain. They are among the finest in the world and have been acknowledged as such throughout the centuries




*The finest
of Sherries*

Domecq's LA INA

Fino Exquisite Dry

Obtainable through your usual channels of supply.
Sole Importers (Wholesale only) Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd., 48 Mark Lane, London, E.C.3

Remembering the most popular 'DOUBLE CENTURY'
and delicious 'CELEBRATION CREAM'
for the sweeter palates



here's proof!

140° proof . . . the drink with the world's highest alcohol content is now on sale in Britain! Here's something to set those cocktails wagging, make you the life of the party, make it the party of your life. Take it any way you like—strong (PURE SPIRIT) or mild (BISON BRAND), straight (VYBOROVA) or styled (CHERRY VODKA)—take it before meals, after meals, with meals, or why bother about meals at all? It's actually distilled and bottled in Poland. Ask for

genuine Polish Vodka

The real thing!

VYBOROVA (79°) 28/6d.
WISNIOWKA (Cherry Vodka 70°) 28s.
ZUBROWKA (Bison Brand 70°) 28/6d.
PURE WHITE SPIRIT (140°) 36/6d.
PURE WHITE SPIRIT (100°) 28s.

THE
Leathersmith
FIVE YEAR
DIARY



A
personal gift
of lasting value

With superfine white paper, the bindings, finely tooled, are Antique finish leather, Morocco or rich Hazel Pigskin. Size 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". With or without lock. Gilt Gift boxed. From 15/9 to 34/6 each.

AT ALL STORES AND STATIONERS

T. J. & J. SMITH LTD.,
12 HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: LEGation 1144 (5 lines)

Craftsmen in fine leathers for over 100 years

Cruise in the Sun

with ROYAL MAIL to the Mediterranean and Northern Capitals next year

MAY 23	Ceuta, Naples (for Rome), Venice, Dubrovnik and Barcelona.	21 DAYS
JUNE 14	Palermo, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) and Lisbon.	15 DAYS
JUNE 30	Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals.	18 DAYS
JULY 19	Gibraltar, Villefranche, Messina (for Taormina) and Palma.	13 DAYS
AUGUST 2	Ceuta, Naples (for Rome) and Barcelona.	14 DAYS
AUGUST 17	Palma, Istanbul, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) and Lisbon.	19 DAYS

Christmas and New Year Cruise

DECEMBER 20	Teneriffe, Madeira, Casablanca and Lisbon.	14 DAYS
-------------	--	---------

Excellent Cuisine enjoyed at leisure—spacious Dining Saloons accommodate all passengers at one time.

'ANDES' is equipped with anti-roll stabilisers for greater comfort.



Details from your local Travel Agent or

ROYAL MAIL LINES

Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3
America House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1



Edmundo Ros

WELCOMES YOU TO HIS **Club**

and invites you to enjoy
COCKTAILS, DINNER & DANCING
from 8.30 every evening

— CABARET —

Arnold Bailey and his Band, and the Latin American Orchestra of EDMUNDO ROS

Reservations: REGent 7675, 2640
177 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



I ask for
GRANT'S
—do you?



Welcome Always —
Keep it Handy

QUEEN'S Sweet
SPORTSMAN'S dry

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY



The leisurely way to
France...
via **SOUTHAMPTON**
—LE HAVRE

A modicum of relaxation in the midst of business is always pleasant. And that's just what the night service from Southampton to Havre gives you between a flurry of business appointments in London on one day and the prospect of a repetition in Paris the next.

Whether you live in London or conveniently near to Southampton, there is no happier start than a crossing by the s.s. *Normannia*.

The boat-train leaves Waterloo at seven-thirty in the evening. Dinner is served on the train which gets to Southampton in ample time for some light refreshment on board before you go to sleep. By joining the ship earlier in the evening at the docks you can have dinner on board, a restful evening in the lounge—and then to bed.

s.s. *Normannia*, one of our modern cross-Channel ships, has no less than three hundred and twenty-five sleeping berths, generous smoke rooms, lounges and bars, and a spacious dining room.

With good food and drink at reasonable prices, a really comfortable berth and the knowledge that s.s. *Normannia* has stabilisers to smooth out the roughest sea, you travel overnight across the Channel to arrive early next morning in France.

Then, if you are a first-class passenger in a hurry to get to Paris for an appointment, a connecting train leaves Havre at 7.0 to get you to Paris at 9.23 a.m. If you are not so rushed, then it is a leisurely breakfast-on-board and the 8.45 first and second class, arriving Paris at 11.41 a.m.

The next time you are visiting France book via Southampton-Havre—the leisurely way to cross the Channel.



Full information, Tickets and Reservations from Principal Travel Agents or Continental Enquiry Office, British Railways (Southern Region) Victoria Station, London, S.W.1.



If you wish to take your car by s.s. "Normannia", apply well in advance to the Central Motor Car Booking Office, British Railways (Southern Region) Victoria Station, London, S.W.1, or through the A.A. or R.A.C.



Spain

sends us sherry as Spain
prefers it PALE... DRY... PERFECT
Ask for
SAN PATRICIO
IN CLUBS, BARS AND RESTAURANTS

Imported by MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LTD.

Walbrook House, 23-29 Walbrook, London, E.C.4.

Winter never comes to MALTA

When you decide you've earned the right to take it easy for a few weeks and to get away from the smog and the damp, enjoy a vacation in sunny MALTA, THE BRITISH RIVIERA, for a Mediterranean holiday in the sterling area. FLY BEA.

MALTA

Write for further details of all the attractions:—
Department of Information and Tourist Services,
9 Malta House, Haymarket,
London, S.W.1. Telephone: TRAfalgar 5033/4
OR THE SECRETARY:

61, DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION AND TOURIST SERVICES, VALLETTA, MALTA.



I love

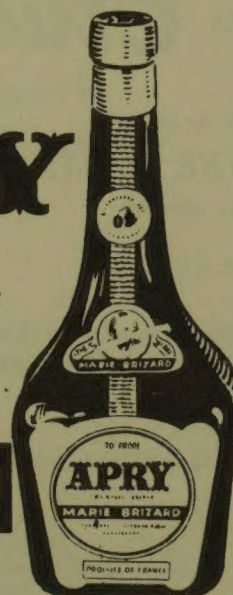
APRY

the liqueur of
the Apricot

Made by

MARIE BRIZARD

who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-
liqueur of the mint!



BELL'S

"Afore ye go"

REMEMBER THE NAME

More and more people
are calling for BELL'S.
They've tried it, like it
and now insist on it.



ARTHUR BELL & SONS LTD.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, PERTH
• AN INDEPENDENT HOUSE •
Established 1825

DICK FRANCIS

The Sport of Queens

"I have not enjoyed a book on racing more for a long time" ROGER MORTIMER (*Sunday Times*) "I enjoyed this book more than any racing autobiography that has come my way, and recommend it as the gilt-edged Christmas present for any lover of racing" CAPTAIN HEATH (*News Chronicle*) With many illustrations, 21/-

JAMES RIDDELL

The Ski Runs of Switzerland

This book, fully illustrated with both maps and photographs, gives accurate and detailed descriptions of the ski runs and ski country of Switzerland, and has the full backing of the Swiss authorities and the S.C.G.B. Sir Arnold Lunn writes in his introduction: "The book, in brief, is not only the most useful vade mecum for expert and beginners alike, but is readable from cover to cover" With maps, diagrams and illustrations, 35/-



MICHAEL JOSEPH



VERY CHEERING

R The second **R** is a gentle but firm **R**eminder to keep a bottle of Cherry Heering by you at all times. There are many ways of enjoying this popular liqueur: in a long, cool drink, as a base for cocktails or, of course, on its own.

Also available in flasks.



By Appointment
to H.M.
Queen Elizabeth II
Purveyor of
Cherry Heering
Peter F. Heering

CHERRY HEERING

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1818

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CHERRY BRANDY

THE MOST *Satisfying Gift*



fifty
**SENIOR
SERVICE**
CIGARETTES

FIFTY FOR 9/9½ * ONE HUNDRED FOR 19/7

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, December 14, 1957.
Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.